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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

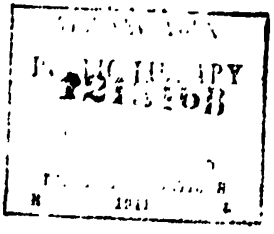
RICHARD LINNECAR,

Of WAKEFIELD.

LEEDS:

PRINTED BY THOMAS WRIGHT.

(1789.)



TO

JOHN BERKENHOUT,

DOCTOR OF PHYSIC,

AND

THE REST OF HIS GENEROUS SUBSCRIBERS,

THESE SHEETS ARE,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT,

AND SINCEREST GRATITUDE,

INSCRIBED BY

THEIR FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

WAKEFIELD, *July* 1, 1789.

PREFACE.

IT may not perhaps be admitted as a ſufficient Apology for the many Imperfections of the following Production, ſhould the Author ſay, that it was never intended for the Preſs.

However he hopes that the candid Reader will allow that ſome Faults may be pardoned, when he finds that Indecency is not one of them. His principal Motive for ſending theſe Trifles into the World, aroſe from the Encouragement he met with from Friends, which were too flattering to be reſiſted.

His private Reaſons his Friends are not unacquainted with; but to publiſh them would be no Gratification to any one.

He

He cannot forbear taking this Opportunity of making his Acknowledgments to the Rev. Mr. ——— for his kind Aſſiſtance in this Buſineſs; without the Aid of his correcting Hand, imperfect as theſe Compoſitions are, they would have been much more ſo. The Author is proud of having received ſuch Favors from ſuch a Friend, which he will never forget ſo long as he ſhall be able to remember any thing.

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this metamorphoſis? What have you been dangling after ſome coy inconſtant, ſome tempting madam, who, finding your purſe and perſon not worth her having, has at laſt diſcarded you?—or, what is moſt likely, your ſweet worſhip, has been caught in the woeful trap of matrimony; and thro' the increaſe of family, and extravagance of ſpouſe, you are brought to your preſent droll ſituation. Ha! ah! ah!

BRISK.

You are very merry with me, you jade you! and I am not ſorry to find that time has had no effect on your facetious humour.

FAITHFUL.

Nor ever ſhall, I hope; tho' I confeſs the thought of your being wedded or dead, gave me firſt a ſhock. But time, wonder working time, has given me leiſure to reflect; and ſcorn you as much for your inconſtancy as you deſerve.

BRISK.

Come don't condemn me unheard—I am ſtill the ſame, tho' I confeſs, appearances are againſt me.

FAITHFUL.

What do you mean by appearances? Would a man, really in love, and who had aſſurances that his love would be return'd, be two years without ſeeing or writing to his miſtreſs? 'Tis totally improbable! And all you can ſay, to convince me, will be in vain; nor will I liſten to any more of your deceiving tales.

BRISK.

BRISK.

Nay, but you ſhall not leave me ſo. Pray hear me.

FAITHFUL.

I don't deſire to be undeceiv'd—Sir, you are maſter of your own actions, I won't be twice cheated—Your humble ſervant.

BRISK.

So, I find you will be judge, jury, and all; and poor Diſmal muſt not be allow'd a hearing! Or rather 'tis my preſent appearance, which is the grand obſtacle to your Ladyſhip's attention! If that's the caſe, Madam, I am your humble ſervant—I do not deſire you to hear me.

FAITHFUL.

You have taken the only method to detain me, I would not be thought mercenary. So if you can give me a proof of your honor and conſtancy, I believe you will find me as little changed in my inclinations as my humor; but I inſiſt on the real fact.

BRISK.

If I lie to thee, may I be never fatter or better cloathed.

I ſtill attend the ſame Gentleman I went to Oxford with, who fell in love with a young lady that had been viſiting the Colleges, and as ſoon as he heard ſhe was gone for London, took horſe and follow'd

follow'd her thither—he watched her one night to the play, and got into the ſame box—he flattered himſelf the lady took more than common notice of him, but he had no opportunity afterwards of ſpeaking to her, for he was diſcover'd by his friends, and hurried into the country the next morning.

FAITHFUL.

But all this is no manner of excuſe for you.

BRISK.

Patience: you'll ſoon clear me.

About a month after his father died, and left him three thouſand pounds a year—he quits the Univerſity, and returns to London; there he was informed, that the young lady and her mother were gone to Leghorn. Mad with love, he went on board the firſt ſhip, that was deſtin'd for that place, to follow them; and juſt as we had paſs'd the Straits, we were attack'd by a Spaniſh privateer, more than double our force, and after a gallant defence, in which this dear perſon of mine was in imminent danger, and moſt of our men killed or wounded, we were obliged to ſtrike. The Captain uſed us very ill, for my Maſter had kill'd his ſon, as they were ſtriving to board us, and would hear of no ranſom.

FAITHFUL.

But did not your Maſter ſolicit his friends to endeavour to get him releas'd?

BRISK.

BRISK.

He did. He wrote to 'em all ſeveral times, but never got one anſwer. So his uncle to whom he left the care of his eſtate, has given out he is dead, and has taken poſſeſſion of his fortune.

FAITHFUL.

Well, how far'd you whilſt pris'ners? and how got you home at laſt?

BRISK.

Why, we liv'd, or rather, were ſtarving piece-meal, for two years. And I believe we ſhould have ended our days there, if this bleſſed peace had not been concluded: And a ſhip putting into Malaga, the Captain of which, knowing my Maſter's family, offer'd us a paſſage, and brought us ſafe to Falmouth, three days ago, from whence we are juſt arrived poſt.

FAITHFUL.

And is this truth?

BRISK.

And nothing but the truth; or, may this be my poiſon. [*kiſſing her.*

FAITHFUL.

Well, I cannot ſay that I am offended at this freedom, if you are in the ſame mind now as formerly.

BRISK.

And when I change it, may I be under the care of a Spaniard two years more. What, are you ſtill with

with the am'rous, antiquated Lady Toothleſs?

FAITHFUL.

No. I left her when ſhe married young Rakum. Who has ſpent her fortune, and ſent her to her grave twelve months ago.

BRISK.

And where do you now live?

FAITHFUL.

With one Mrs. Worthy, a Merchant's widow, where I enjoy all the happineſs ſervice affords.

BRISK.

Worthy did you ſay? Has ſhe any family?

FAITHFUL.

Only one daughter.

BRISK.

And her name is?

FAITHFUL.

Clariſſa: Why do you aſk ſo eagerly?

BRISK.

I am not ſure, but I am much miſtaken, if this be not the very lady, that has cauſed our ſeparation.

FAITHFUL.

You've rais'd my curioſity greatly. Your ſtory of your Maſter's adventure at Oxford, and at the Play, bears a great reſemblance to my young Lady's account of a Gentleman ſhe had ſeen and noticed, at both thoſe places.

BRISK.

BRISK.

My dear girl! I'm certain 'tis the ſame. I ſhall make my Maſter as mad as myſelf with this news. I hope ſhe is not married.

FAITHFUL.

No. But ſhe's deſign'd by her mother to be the wife of one, ſhe does not love; no antipathies are more contrary than their tempers. He, a penurious, ſcraping wretch: and ſhe the moſt noble-hearted Lady living.

BRISK.

By which account, I hope, with your aſſiſtance, to bring my Maſter and her together.

FAITHFUL.

I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to accompliſh it. But I know her ſo dutiful, ſhe'll never give her hand to one her Mother diſapproves.

BRISK.

But do your beſt; that we may come together too. How long have the Ladies been returned from Italy?

FAITHFUL.

They never went: for whilſt they ſtay'd at Portſmouth, waiting for a ſhip, they received a letter, that Mr. Worthy was better, and deſired they would not think of going to him.

BRISK.

I thought you ſaid your Miſtreſs was a widow?

FAITHFUL.

She is: her Huſband never recover'd that illneſs, but linger'd on till within theſe eight months, and then died. I am going home now, and ſhall take the very firſt opportunity to mention your Maſter to her.

BRISK.

But when and where ſhall I ſee you again?

FAITHFUL.

If you will come to the two ſquare lamps in the next ſtreet, in an hour's time, I may be able to give you ſome further information; for I will ſtrive to ſpeak to my young lady before then. Good b'ye; but hold, take this, 'tis all I have about me, and lay it out upon yourſelf, you ſeem to want it. [*giving money.*]

BRISK.

Why faith I do; and make no ſcruple of taking it from thee. Farewell, I'll be with you at the time. *Exeunt.*

SCENE an INN.

Enter SIR CHARLES FRIENDLY and TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

Dear Friendly! How am I rejoiced to find you the ſame ſteady friend, the ſame generous man.

SIR CHARLES.

As far as my fortune or life can be of ſervice, command them both, but I ſee no great need you'll

you'll have of either. For your appearing in town will immediately cauſe your Uncle to deliver the whole into your hands. I think it was but a poor plot of his: but it will expoſe his folly and villainy at laſt.

TRUEMAN.

I really believe, he thinks me dead; for I was in ſo poor a way when I ſent the laſt letter, that I was forc'd to get honeſt Briſk to write for me, and after my recovery, I was determined to write no more, but to bear my misfortunes with patience. My receiving no news from you was more afflicting to me than all the reſt.

SIR CHARLES.

Venture, to whom you agreed to direct, has certainly been bribed to give all my letters to your Uncle; for I never miſs'd a week without being with them both; and they ſtill affirmed that nothing but death could be the occaſion of your ſilence.

TRUEMAN.

I wiſh I could accommodate this affair, without expoſing my uncle to the cenſorious world. I know his own eſtate, before I went abroad, was involved in debt, I fancy moſtly of his wife's contracting; it muſt be ſome urgent neceſſity could force him to ſuch a deed.

SIR CHARLES.

What think you of my going and acquainting him with your return, and intentions? It may be

as you gueſs; and I'm almoſt perſuaded to believe that his diſtreſſes owed their riſe to his wife's imprudence; like a great many of our fine ladies, who don't care, ſo they have money, what methods have been uſed to procure it, to ſupport their gaming and extravagance! Oh! Trueman, what would you think of women, with tender indulgent huſbands, and a family of ſmiling children, that ſhall dedicate whole nights to this damn'd faſhionable peſt of gaming!

TRUEMAN.

And is there no redreſs in law for this? For the woman that can quit her huſband's bed and family, to paſs her nights with ſharpers (for they deſerve no better name, though countenanced by faſhion) would not ſcruple to give up her honor to redeem her loſſes.

SIR CHARLES.

I think ſo too: and half the women who have fallen from virtue, have owed their ruin to the love of gaming.

TRUEMAN.

How much compaſſion's due to the huſband curs'd with ſuch a wife. Yet doubly wretched he, that ſees her faults, yet doating, cannot curb them. I fear this ſame's my uncle's caſe: for never ſaw I man ſo fond, or woman make ſuch ungenerous returns!—Prithee go to him; all ſhall be dropt in ſilence: tell him I would wait

on

on him myſelf, but want a proper dreſs to appear in.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, I will, Trueman!—What I ſuppoſe your puniſhment in priſon has cured you of your Will o'th' Wiſp chace after the lady.

TRUEMAN.

No, Charles: I am ſtill the ſame; nor ever ſhall be eaſy, till I find her.

SIR CHARLES.

Why thou outdo'ſt all the mad heroes of romance. Not one of thoſe fictitious fools, e'er undertook ſo wild a ſcheme as thine. They had converſed and knew their ladies at leaſt, before they went a fighting monſters, and the devil knows what. But thou, at barely ſeeing thy heroine, haſt been impriſon'd, half ſtarved, and kept out of thy eſtate, for one, who, for ought thou know'ſt to the contrary, may be an idiot.

TRUEMAN.

I own there's reaſon in thy ridicule, becauſe thou never ſaw'ſt her; if thou hadſt thou'dſt think my paſſion juſt. Her beauteous lovely face diffuſed a joy around her, like what the blooming ſpring excites. I look'd and found imprinted there Truth, Innocence and Virtue; and ev'ry charm to give a ſanction to my love.

SIR CHARLES.

Prithee, give thyſelf leiſure to reflect, that all this tranſport may be for one that's dead, married,

ried, or gone, where you may ſearch in vain to find her.

TRUEMAN.

I have conſider'd this a thouſand times; but love ſtill gets the maſtery of ev'ry cooler thought. I will not, cannot reſt, till I'm convinced, ſhe's dead or married, or may be mine. But thou'rt an Atheiſt in love, and unaffected with all its ſoft aſſaults.

SIR CHARLES.

Trueman, thou art miſtaken. I feel as ſtrong, as you, the power of love: Ay, you may look! I ſay of love! A true, a conſtant, honourable love. But for a woman, I know, deſerves it. I don't run hunting a phantom from Oxford to London, and the Lord knows where, as you do. Come leave your rambling thoughts and go with me to night. I'm engaged to a lady's, whoſe daughter, if indeed thou art not quite inſenſible to any other love, will make a conqueſt of thee.

TRUEMAN.

I defy the ſex. No! was each charm, that's given among a thouſand, join'd in one, ſhe'd fall far ſhort of her I love. But thou haſt never truly felt this paſſion, or thou would'ſt know, a heart, that once has felt the power of love, can never change.

SIR CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES.

Faith, you miſtake. I love as much as you, tho' I'm not quite ſo mad. I thought to-morrow to have call'd my fair one wife, but ſome unknown crime, I have committed, has made her refuſe to ſee me to-day. But at night I hope a reconciliation. I beg, Trueman, you will make uſe of my lodgings till you are provided with better accommodations.

TRUEMAN.

I accept your offer, and am pleas'd to find a lover in my friend.

For you that feel love's ſoft tranſporting pains,
That wear with me the little tyrant's chains;
Can only tell the variegated joy,
The thouſand fears our anxious hours employ.
A lover only can advice impart,
Can truly know a fellow-lover's heart.

[*Exeunt.*

CASHLOVE.

So, Sir, you think all hopes of that ſhip are over?

CAPTAIN.

Moſt certainly!

CASHLOVE.

Sir, I am much obliged to you for this early intelligence. Will you favour me with your company to dinner?

CAPTAIN.

At any other time, with all my heart. But at preſent I muſt to my owners. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

CASHLOVE.

Sir, your moſt obedient.—The ſhip loſt—then all thoughts of Worthy's Daughter are at an end. The world reports her a very deſerving girl—that may be—perhaps with her reputed fortune I might have ſubſcribed to the world's opinion. Clariſſa, and forty thouſand pounds would have bleſs'd me, and have put me on a footing with any man in the city; but in her preſent circumſtances, ſhe's not for me.—Let me ſee,—the ſhip, the clerk, and all the accounts loſt. Why then they have nothing to produce, for the goods I had of her agent to load the John and Mary with. Which is— let me ſee my book—oh! here it is;—five thouſand three hundred pounds. Why, this is ſo much money got without trouble. 'Tis an ill wind that blows good to no one.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Mrs. Manchette, the Millener.

CASHLOVE.

Deſire her to walk in.—This woman is the beſt cuſtomer I have for my French contraband goods.

Enter Mrs. Manchette.

Your Servant, Mrs. Manchette, how goes trade on with you.

Mrs. MANCHETTE.

Sir, your Servant.—Why, Mr. Caſhlove, I've not much reaſon to complain, for ſince the peace, every body is ſtriving who can get firſt into the French mode. And I make a ſhift to pick up a livelihood among the quality, by furniſhing them with ruffles, heads, laces, and embroidery.—Well, Sir, have you any thing new in that way.

CASHLOVE.

Yes, Madam, I had a freſh cargo came in laſt night, and you ſhall have the firſt ſight of it.

MANCHETTE.

Sir, you're very obliging. I ſhall pay you ready money for them, which is more than moſt of your cuſtomers can do. But when, Sir, muſt I have the honour of making up your lady's ſuit of linen, and wiſh you joy of your marriage? It has been a long time about; and the lady is quite recover'd of her illneſs. 'Twill be a pity to defer your happineſs any longer, for delays are dangerous in ſuch precious merchandiſe as ſhe is, Sir.

CASHLOVE.

To tell you as a friend, Mrs. Manchette, that will never be a match. I have juſt receiv'd an account of a loſs at ſea, that has deprived them of all they had in the world, and my own affairs will not ſuffer me to marry a beggar.

Mrs. MANCHETTE.

'Tis great pity on my word! She's a fine woman, and was thought to have an immenſe fortune. But there are as fine women as ſhe, that have fortunes no one can reject, who would be proud of ſuch a man as Mr Caſhlove for a huſband. I have one juſt now in my eye, as accompliſh'd a lady as any in London; and thirty thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal.

CASHLOVE.

Say you ſo, Mrs. Manchette? Such a woman as that, is the very thing I want. Who is ſhe? What is her name?

MANCHETTE.

Miſs Charlotte Bright.

CASHLOVE.

I have heard of her merit. But ſhe's engaged to Sir Charles Friendly.

MANCHETTE.

She has a long time been courted by that gentleman, and I expected they would have been married to-morrow. But I heard this very day (for my profeſſion admits me into all families, and

and I generally pump the ſecrets out of the ſervants, by ſome trifling preſents, and often learn what is of infinite ſervice to many of my cuſtomers) they have quarrel'd, and ſhe has refuſed to ſee him. I know ſhe is a ſpirited lady; and a little of my inſinuating diſcourſe may raiſe her temper to the pitch I would have it, and let me alone then to do your buſineſs. I have long ſtudied my own ſex, and find revenge for ſlighted love is what we all delight in; and moſt of us will ſcruple at nothing to gratify this ſpirit, however prejudicial; nay tho' productive of our certain ruin.

CASHLOVE.

Dear Mrs. Manchette, I have long admired that lady, but you know what obſtacles were in my way. If you can accompliſh this, five hundred pounds ſhall be your's on the day of my marriage.

MANCHETTE.

I will ſet about it immediately. Come, dreſs yourſelf, and be in readineſs; for we muſt ſtrike while the iron is hot. I ſhall be glad to take a few things of this laſt cargo with me.

CASHLOVE.

Step with me, and you ſhall have your choice.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE.—Mrs. WORTHY's HOUSE.

Enter Mrs. and Miſs WORTHY.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Was not Charlotte mightily reſerved to-day at Ranelagh?

Miſs CLARISSA.

I thought ſo, Madam, though every thing conſpired to fill the mind with joy. The weather, company, and muſic were delightful. Yet I perceived ſhe took no pleaſure in them.

Mrs. WORTHY.

And when Sir Charles Friendly was coming to join us, ſhe walked away, giving her hand to a perſon, who, I dare ſay was a perfect ſtranger to her. They have certainly quarrelled. I obſerved him all the morning after very uneaſy. Do you know nothing of it.

CLARISSA.

No, Madam. But I thought ſhe looked coolly at him laſt night. When they are here this evening, I'll endeavour to find it out, and reconcile them.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Do, child. It would grieve me, if two ſuch worthy creatures were at variance.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, a gentleman begs leave to wait upon you.

Mrs.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Who is it? What's his name?

SERVANT.

I aſk'd to know his name, but he ſaid he would tell it to none but you.

Enter RATTLE *abruptly.*

Nor will I.——[*to Miſs*] Bright ſun, I am an Indian and adore thee. I have had a damned hard ſmart chace, but I thought I ſhould have a view at laſt. [*aſide ſeeing Mrs. Worthy*] But what old Jezebel is this that baulks me of my happineſs.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Pray, Sir, your buſineſs?

RATTLE.

My buſineſs, old ſobriety, my buſineſs, is with you. [*aſide*] (What the Devil ſhall I ſay)—My buſineſs is not with you, it is with, with—

Mrs. WORTHY.

Nobody here, I ſuppoſe—You've miſtaken the houſe, Sir, therefore I ſhould take it as a favour if you would retire, my daughter and I chuſe not to be interrupted at this time.

RATTLE.

Oh! Madam, yes my buſineſs is with you, if you rais'd this ſweet flower, by your leave, one ſmell of this Carnation.

Miſs CLARISSA.

Forbear, Sir. Where learnt you this inſolence of behaviour.

RATTLE.

RATTLE.

Faith, Miſs, that's not ſo hard a queſtion to anſwer, as you may imagine; I learnt it in the ſchool for lovers.

Miſs CLARISSA.

Then go, Sir, and learn a better leſſon there.

RATTLE.

I have learnt all the theory and now want the practice, which you muſt teach me. But pray, good lady, leave me to your daughter's inſtructions, for ever ſince I was examin'd before an aſſembly of old Dons at College, I could never ſay any thing to the purpoſe before a company of antients. ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. WORTHY.

I almoſt ſuſpect, Sir, that your mother died young, and your father liv'd a life of negligence.

RATTLE.

Why ſo, good mother conjecture.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Becauſe, Sir, you ſeem to have never receiv'd any advantage from either.

RATTLE.

Advantage, Madam, did you ſay? Yes, thanks to œconomy, I received from them an eſtate of five thouſand a year. Is this no advantage think you?

Mrs.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Upon my word, if you give no better proofs of it, than what we have had, I think none.

RATTLE.

A woman's conſcience! what in the name of fortune would you have? I am enabled by my eſtate to dreſs well, to live well, to keep company with the beau monde, to ſay ſoft things to young ladies, and damned ſaucy things to old ones; when they thwart my inclinations.

Mrs. WORTHY.

That is, Sir, to make your outſide a ſign, that there's nothing good within; and that the eſtate has not deſcended to its proper heir.

RATTLE.

A damned ſevere comment, upon my ſoul. I fancy, old ſatyr, you have read our modern bible criticks, you can pervert the ſenſe ſo cleverly.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I fancy, you have never read the bible at all.

RATTLE.

Oh! yes, frequently when I was at ſchool, and you ſhall hear now how I have improved by my reading,

Phillis eclipſing thy bright mother's charms!
Jack Rattle courts thee to his youthful arms.
Give but the word, my dogs I'll drown in Trent,
My whips I'll burn; my hunters ſhall be ſent
To France. Come, frown not, frowns diſtort the face.
More than Whitfield's enthuſiaſtic grace.

HOR. B. 1. Ode 16.

but in plain proſe, Miſs, thou art a bright angel, and all thy offspring will be little Cherubs, if thou'lt only let me be their father.

Miſs CLARISSA.

The laſt part of your ſpeech has quite deſtroy'd the compliment.

RATTLE.

You ſhould rather have ſaid, that one part of the compliment has made the truth of the other ſuſpected. ha! ha! ha!

Miſs CLARISSA.

Pray, Sir, explain your meaning,

RATTLE.

Becauſe what ſuits the daughter, will not in any degree ſuit the mother.

Miſs CLARISSA.

Intollerable ſcurrility.

Mrs. WORTHY.

The man knows how to be rude, better than how to compliment, but that's not his, but nature's fault.

RATTLE.

Pray, Dame Nature in the wain, don't you know that nature now-a-days is not what it was forty years ago. That is in your youthful days. ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. WORTHY.

You miſtake, Sir, you mean faſhion. I'm very ſure that ſuch a pretender to wit as you, would

in

in thoſe days you ſpeak of, have been ſent to ſchool, to learn how to behave in the company of boys and girls. But come, child, the coach will be ready by this time. Sir, you'll excuſe us.

[*offers to go.*]

RATTLE.

I find thy antiquated tutoreſs has made thee blind to ev'ry ſentiment of love, but if Jack Rattle does not find thee ſome day tripping, thou art not woman. Bye, Miſs Prue, and bye old antidote to love. [*exit.*

Mrs. WORTHY.

This man's unwelcome viſit has obliged me to ſuſpend my advice to you in an affair of the utmoſt importance to us both. But to recover you from the flutter he has put you into, pray let me aſk you, do you know him?

Miſs CLARISSA.

I have ſeen him once before in ſome of the public places, but where I cannot recollect at preſent, he never ſpoke to me before. But pray, Madam, what is the advice you would impart, you know it always gives me pleaſure to receive your inſtructions.

Mrs. WORTHY.

It is my greateſt happineſs to reflect that I have a child ſenſible that I have her intereſt moſt at heart. I hope you will keep your promiſe for Wedneſday. We can defer your marriage no

longer in decency. Your lover will think we don't deal generouſly by him, ſhould we make any more delays. Your being ill two months ago can be no hinderance to your marriage now.

CLARISSA.

Your commands, Madam, ſhall make me ready to obey them at any time. But I cannot think he's much concern'd at theſe delays. His addreſſes ſeem of late to be directed more to my fortune than perſon.

Mrs. WORTHY.

You muſt not think that owing to his want of love, child, but to his manner of education. Young people, that dedicate their time to buſineſs, have quite a different method of expreſſing themſelves, from the gentlemen of this end of the town, but they in general make much better huſbands.

CLARISSA.

I ſhall never diſpute your judgment, Madam.

Mrs. WORTHY.

You know, my dear child, 'tis your good alone that I conſult: and would not propoſe a thing of this conſequence to you, if I was not well aſſured of his character and love for you. If you have any grounds to think the contrary, why will not you tell me. You never mentioned any objections you had to him.

CLARISSA.

No, Madam; as he was your and my dear father's

father's choice, who, I have millions of reaſons to know, had my welfare only in view, I gave myſelf entirely to your diſpoſal.

Mrs. WORTHY.

And what's the reaſon you have any ſcruples now? Come tell me what are your objections? If I find them well grounded, 'tis not yet too late; I'll break off the treaty with him.

CLARISSA.

Since you are ſo good as to indulge me with a hearing, whilſt I ſpeak my ſentiments, for which I ſhall eternally thank you—

Mrs. WORTHY.

Come, no more of this, child. I deſire your happineſs. Speak freely.

CLARISSA.

I ſhall, Madam. The two or three laſt times, Mr. Caſhlove has been here, he has not been ſo intreating, ſo preſſing, as he was wont to be. He ſeemed dubious our effects might miſcarry—that there had been a dreadful ſtorm—that the Algerines might have plundered the ſhip—that ſeveral veſſels, that had ſailed after our's, were arrived—that it was impoſſible without one of theſe accidents but you muſt have heard of her——and ſeem'd to inſinuate that he choſe to wait till certain accounts arrived.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Could he be ſo mean as to ſay ſo much to you?

CLARISSA.

CLARISSA.

Not in direct words, Madam, but, in my judgment, that was their meaning.

Mrs. WORTHY.

When was he here?

CLARISSA.

Not theſe two days laſt.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I'll give orders he ſhall have no admittance for the future. Sordid wretch!

CLARISSA.

Don't carry your reſentment to ſuch a length at once. Talk to him yourſelf, perhaps I am miſtaken.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I will, my dear, if I can compoſe myſelf enough to give him the hearing. And if I find it ſo, not fifty times his fortune ſhould bribe me to conſent, ſhould my ſhip come ſafe. But if 'tis loſt, as much I fear it is, the little we have left will be ſufficient for us to live retired in the country. And ſuch a life I'd chuſe before the greateſt affluence, at the price of my child's happineſs.

Enter a Servant with a Note to Clariſſa.

CLARISSA.

'Tis from Charlotte; ſhe has a violent head-ache, and cannot be here this evening.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I am very ſorry for it; come we will go into my dreſſing-room, and write her word, we will call

call on her in the morning, in hopes of finding her better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.——Sir Charles Friendly's Lodgings.

Enter TRUEMAN and BRISK.

TRUEMAN.

When are you to ſee her again ſay you? at ſix? oh! fly to the place. Take particular care that ſhe do not wait. Aſk when, where, how I may have the joy of ſeeing her.

BRISK.

Don't fear, Sir; I'll learn all I can. But I forgot to tell you one piece of ill news, that I—

TRUEMAN.

Ah! is ſhe married?

BRISK.

No, Sir, but—

TRUEMAN.

But what, s'death, I'm on the rack!

BRISK.

Why, Sir, ſhe's engaged.

TRUEMAN.

To whom? Is it her own or her Mother's choice.

BRISK.

'Tis a contract between the parents on both ſides. But by what I can find, the young lady is very far from approving of it. I hope, Sir, by a little good management, we ſhall ſecure her our's, for

for my ſpy informs me you have a friend already in the garriſon.

TRUEMAN.

Run, run, you'll find me here at your return.

[*exit Briſk.*

Enter SIR CHARLES FRIENDLY.

TRUEMAN.

Oh! Friendly, ſuch news! ſuch lucky tidings! ſuch unexpected diſcoveries! I'm mad with joy!

SIR CHARLES.

Mad indeed, I think. Come what is it tranſports you ſo? I ſhall be glad to partake of your happineſs.

TRUEMAN.

Such a diſcovery Briſk has made! ſuch charming intelligence he has brought me this moment. 'Twas what I hardly ever hoped to hear.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, well, what is this wonderful diſcovery of Briſk's?

TRUEMAN.

He has heard of my adorable Angel?

SIR CHARLES.

What your dulcinea, whom you've been in queſt of ſo long? 'Tis ſtrange, but not impoſſible. But how has he found her out? It looks a little too romantic to be believed. Where is ſhe?

TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

Charles, I ſee you want belief. But to a heart like mine, long eſtranged from happineſs, each ſmalleſt hope once more to ſee her, ſets me in a blaze. I have now within me, fear, hope, dread and expectation tearing for the aſcendancy.

SIR CHARLES.

Come moderate thy raptures.

TRUEMAN.

'Tis impoſſible! I fain would tell thee all I feel; but words are inadequate to my ſoul's feelings.

SIR CHARLES.

Trueman, hope the beſt. I doubt not, if the lady proves the ſame and is ſingle but you'll gain her love. Come with me this evening, and divert your thoughts till you're aſſured of the truth of Briſk's diſcovery; we may to-morrow find a way to ſee her. I have been at your Uncle's; I left a note for him, as he was not at home; I fancy you'll have an anſwer from him to your ſatisfaction when we return.

TRUEMAN.

Excuſe my waiting upon you this evening; I'm rooted here till Briſk's return. But I beg I may not detain you, for I ſuppoſe the lady you mentioned is to be of the party.

SIR CHARLES.

She is; and I am impatient till I know the occaſion of her anger.

TRUEMAN.

Can't you ſurmiſe, what 'tis you've done? Has ſhe ſeen you more than commonly complaiſant to any other lady? Or have you not been remiſs in your viſits, when you were expected? Theſe are crimes not eaſily forgiven.

SIR CHARLES.

No, never; I love her company too well, to wiſh to be a moment from her.

TRUEMAN.

You don't ſuſpect a rival in the caſe?

Sir CHARLES.

I have no miſtruſt that way, nor can I conjecture any the leaſt probable cauſe of her reſentment. Trueman, adieu, I ſhall return to ſupper, where I hope we ſhall have agreeable news to tell each other. [*exeunt.*

SCENE CHARLOTTE's HOUSE.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* PINUM.

CHARLOTTE.

I tell you, no. I will not be at home.——I charge you, take no letters from him.

PINUM.

As you pleaſe, Madam. But I preſume, Madam, you will ſee him to night at Mrs: Worthy's.

CHARLOTTE.

I ſha'n't go there—ſo name neither of 'em more——Perfidious man. By heaven, I'll be revenged!

reveng'd! And if I thought 'twould make him miſerable, I would marry the greateſt coxcomb breathing, to accompliſh it.

PINUM. [*aſide.*]

Ay, and heartily repent it all your life.

CHARLOTTE.

To make love openly to her! Palpably to diſregard me before the whole company! 'Tis ſuch an inſult! I cannot, will not bear it with patience!

PINUM.

This is aſtoniſhing, Madam; and what I never could have thought, after every thing was agreed on and the day fix'd.

CHARLOTTE.

Aſtoniſhing indeed! Oh! how I deſpiſe myſelf for being uneaſy at his inconſtancy. But he ſhall never give me a moment's pain more. I find, I hate the monſter.

PINUM.

Pray, Madam, may I preſume to aſk the meaning of this? You had a different way of thinking when you went yeſterday to Hampſtead.

CHARLOTTE.

Pinum, as I have always made thee privy to all my affairs, with him, I ſhall freely tell thee the cauſe of my reſentment. Returning from that place, Mrs. Worthy's coachman drove againſt a poſt, broke the axletree, and overturn'd

the chariot. The women ſhrieking alarm'd us both; Sir Charles flew out of his chariot to their aſſiſtance. But if you had ſeen his face! The concern—the fear—that was painted there: you'd think with me that nothing but love!—the tendereſt love! could cauſe it.

PINUM.

Indeed, Madam, if that was all, you can't with reaſon blame him; any gentleman would have done the ſame; much more Sir Charles Friendly to two ſuch friends of your's.

CHARLOTTE.

Ay; but I did not want him to give me ſuch mortifying proofs of his regard for them, and entirely forget that ſuch a perſon as Charlotte was in company, as certainly his behaviour too plainly ſhew'd he did: for when he found they were not hurt, he moſt civilly inſiſted on Mrs. Worthy's going home in his chariot with me, and propoſed walking over the fields with Clariſſa. With that he inſtantly ſeized her hand, and hurried away from us, whilſt pleaſure ſparkled in both their eyes! I ſaw the joy they felt in being together, and am convinced he ſacrificed my love to her.

PINUM.

But when they were here laſt night, did he take no notice of your uneaſineſs?

CHARLOTTE.

No! but on the contrary was more aſſiduous about Clariſſa,

Clariſſa, the whole time he ſtay'd. And the modeſty of this wretch, to expect admittance after ſuch behaviour. But I'll prevent his viſits, by quitting London to-morrow.

PINUM.

Was he not at Ranelagh this morning?

CHARLOTTE.

He was! But I would not give him an opportunity of ſpeaking to me; nor ever will.

PINUM.

Be more calm, my dear Lady; give him but leave to ſpeak, I dare engage you'll find him innocent.

CHARLOTTE.

Begone! I'll hear no more. No, that he's falſe I know!

And if he ſhould repent and be ſo vain,
As of his love to my deaf ears complain,
I'll ſmile at all his grief, and laugh at all his pain.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE CONTINUES.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* RATTLE.

RATTLE.

YOU ſay you were juſt going out, I am ſorry to interrupt the meaſures of the lady I adore; yet it is a pleaſure to me to have an opportunity of paying my devoirs to ſo amiable a creature.

CHARLOTTE.

Very finely ſaid; ſo you would rather however indulge your own humour, than ſuffer me to gratify my inclinations.

RATTLE.

Not ſo neither. But you fine ladies are ſo difficult of acceſs, that, egad, a man may be allowed now and then to break through the rules of good breeding, in order to gain an hour's pleaſing converſation, with a fair-one.

CHARLOTTE.

Sir! I hope you don't intend to keep me in purgatory for a whole hour!

RATTLE.

RATTLE.

Is an hour's indulgence ſo great a favour, in return for whole days of mortification and ſelf-denial? ever ſince I ſaw that Venus face at Ranelagh, I have not been able to eat, ſleep, or think of any thing but you.

CHARLOTTE.

I'm ſorry then to tell you that you muſt bear a longer probation, before I liſten farther to you.

RATTLE.

Unconſcionable creature! but that fair form was never made to be the habitation of cruelty. What further time do you require, to prove my love.

CHARLOTTE.

Perhaps ſome weeks, ſome months, ſome—

RATTLE.

Hold, hold, Madam, for God's ſake advance no farther into futurity. Let my trial be ended to-morrow, and my ſentence pronounced.

CHARLOTTE.

Impertinent creature, to dare to dictate to me.

RATTLE.

Come, come, all may as well be determined now.

CHARLOTTE.

How inſolent are filly men, when moſt they want to ſhew their importance?

RATTLE.

Madam!

CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE.

Sir! I would not have you deceive yourſelf, I muſt have further proof of your good ſenſe, good nature, and good breeding, before I can be brought to pay attention to any thing you ſay.

RATTLE.

Shall I, Madam, make one propoſal to you?

CHARLOTTE.

I'll hear no propoſals from you.

RATTLE.

Damn'd hard tho'! what not one word in my favour?

CHARLOTTE.

No, Sir. Only take this piece of advice if you pleaſe. When you addreſs a lady for the future, be more upon your guard.

RATTLE.

Hey day, what the devil's to do now? What am I at the bar of juſtice receiving my good Lord Judge's ghoſtly admonition before ſentence paſs'd. But come, Madam, I've a large eſtate.

CHARLOTTE.

And I like a ſmall one with the man I love, preferable to your large one with all its incumbrances.

RATTLE.

My eſtate, I aſſure you, 'pon honor, is clear of incumbrances.

CHARLOTTE.

Then you are not the poſſeſſor of it.

RATTLE.

RATTLE.

I ſhould be very ſorry if any other was.

CHARLOTTE.

So then you don't intend to ſuffer any other to have a ſhare with you in it?

RATTLE.

Not I upon my ſoul.

CHARLOTTE.

Right, Sir; I would have you perſevere in that temper; go home to that eſtate of your's, and I dare ſay no one will moleſt you in it but rakes and fools.

RATLTE.

Your ſervant, good lady; when I am at a loſs for ſuch, give me leave to apply to your ladyſhip to recommend ſome to me.

CHARLOTTE.

And when you apply to me, I ſhall adviſe you to chuſe ſuch as yourſelf, and then you'll be ſure to meet with proper companions. ha! ha! ha!

RATTLE.

What the devil's the meaning of all this, have I ſtay'd here all this time to be abuſed? This was not the treatment I met with from you at Ranelagh?

CHARLOTTT.

Oh, Sir, then I ſuffer'd your impertinence, to give the world a proof of my condeſcenſion.

RATTLE.

Was it ſo, Madam?——Your condeſcenſion in that inſtance was not greater than my humility. ha! ha! ha!

CHARLOTTE.

To give you another inſtance of my condeſcenſion; let me intreat you to quit this houſe.

RATTLE.

Upon my ſoul, Madam, I don't know which of us will receive the greater pleaſure, ha! ha! ha! No, to be revenged, I'll ſtay to mortify you.

CHARLOTTE.

Indeed this would be the greateſt mortification I could ſuffer—but Sir, I have ſervants in this houſe to ſave me this mortification.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, Mrs. Manchette, the Millener.

CHARLOTTE.

Tell her to come up. [*exit Servant*]

RATTLE.

Your company then I find are milleners. ha! ha! ha!

CHARLOTTE.

I order'd her up, as a fit perſon to bear you company, Sir; only I'm afraid ſhe'll overmatch you in wit.

RATTLE.

RATTLE.

Nay then to diſappoint you, I'll be gone. Madam, your ſervant; and when I apply to you for companions, pray don't be ſo complaiſant as to ſend me your intimates, milleners and mantua-makers. ha! ha! ha! [*exit.*

CHARLOTTE.

Inſolent fellow!—I'm glad I've got rid of him. Yet had he been leſs diſagreeable, I might in my preſent humor, have given him ſome encouragement, determin'd as I am, to puniſh Sir Charles's perfidy.

Enter Mrs. Manchette and Pinum.

MANCHETTE.

Oh! Madam, I have juſt received a parcel of goods from Paris; quite the new mode, I aſſure your ladyſhip: and as I have the greateſt regard to your ladyſhip, I have brought them, that your ladyſhip may have the firſt choice.

PINUM. [*aſide*]

The common cant of theſe people, tho' they have ſhewn them to half the town.

CHARLOTTE.

If you will leave them, Mrs. Manchette, I'm not at leiſure at preſent.

MANCHETTE.

So, now's my time, they have not made it up [*aſide*]—I am very ſorry to hear, your ladyſhip and Sir Charles Friendly have broke off the match.

CHARLOTTE.

Broke off the match!—what do you mean, Mrs. Manchette.

Mrs. MANCHETTE.

Why the town talks of nothing elſe, Madam: and ſpeaks of Sir Charles and a cirtain lady's marriage as a thing concluded, tho' ev'ry body, I have heard mention it, blames Sir Charles for abandoning ſo deſerving a lady.

CHARLOTTE.

Abandoning!—I am extremely obliged to the town for their favourable opinion of me.—Abandon'd for Clariſſa!—but I will let them ſee 'tis not his choice but mine. 'Sdeath, am I thought ſo poorly on!—abandon'd!—Oh! for ſome precious means to be reveng'd. [*walks about in a fury.*]

MANCHETTE.

So it works as I would have it, [*aſide*] But I'll warrant, Madam, he'll ſoon ſee his error, and return to your ladyſhip. Beſides I cannot think he will meet with encouragement from Mrs. Worthy. And perhaps Miſs Clariſſa may not like him, and then to be ſure he will return to your ladyſhip, and all will be made up.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh! how this woman mads me with her curſt ſuggeſtions! Am I thought ſo meanly of, to accept of what Clariſſa ſhall refuſe!

PINUM.

Dear Madam, for heaven's ſake, don't expoſe yourſelf before this woman.

CHARLOTTE.

I cannot;—will not moderate my rage! I'll—let the coach be got ready, I will not ſleep another night in London.

MANCHETTE.

Indeed, Madam, he is not to be excuſed! ah! Madam, there are gentlemen who would have died, e'er thrown away a look on any other lady, had they been half ſo favour'd as was Sir Charles.

CHARLOTTE.

Without vanity, I think there are.

MANCHETTE.

That, Madam, I am certain of. I know a gentleman of a much ſuperior fortune to Sir Charles, that adores your ladyſhip. One that you might be aſſured would be an eternal lover, one who would be your humble ſlave; ſo high a ſenſe has he of your ladyſhip's merit. Many and many a time has he told me of his paſſion, and in ſuch rapt'rous terms, I really was afraid the poor gentleman was diſtracted. This was when he never hoped to have the means to let you know it: nor ſhould I have ever open'd my lips to your ladyſhip on this ſubject, but Sir Charles's ill treatment has provoked me to it.

CHAR.

CHARLOTTE.

What gentleman do you mean?

MANCHETTE.

Mr Caſhlove, Madam.

CHARLOTTE.

Caſhlove? why he's engaged to Clariſſa.

MANCHETTE.

He was, Madam. But he has heard of Sir Charles's intimacy there, and looks upon himſelf at liberty to throw himſelf at your ladyſhip's feet, if you'll permit him.

CHARLOTTE.

Pinum, what doſt thou think of this?

PINUM.

Why, that this woman is a bawd; an infamous procureſs.

CHARLOTTE.

Pſhaw! but anſwer me! Can you think Caſhlove has ſent this woman? But 'sdeath! why ſhould I doubt! He, like me, has ſeen their baſe inconſtancy, and wants like me to be reveng'd. What ſhall I do? By heavens I'll ſee him.

MANCHETTE.

Give him leave, Madam, to wait on you and breath his paſſion at your feet.

PINUM.

Oh! defer it till to-morrow.

CHAR.

Dear Madam,
rſelf before this
annot;—wil
coach be go
nt in Londo

Madam, he
re are gone
own away a l
alf ſo favou

CHARLO
ſtery, I think

him now.

E.
[*exit Manchette.*

der, Madam, what

TE.
e ſweet revenge!—to
h's hopes of e'er re-

UM.

RLOTTE.
word.—I'm at home to
[*exit.*

PINUM.
forms to herſelf in a ſcheme
, if not prevented. I will,
threats ſee Sir Charles, and
ove, till Sir Charles ſees her,
n falſe; if not, he'll ſoon be
her of his innocency, his very
er it.

, can paint that paſſion well,
ch more than any tongue can tell.
[*exit.*

SCENE

SCENE.—Mrs. WORTHY's HOUSE.

Enter Mrs. Worthy and Clariſſa.

CLARISSA.

Indeed, Madam, I have no regret at quitting London. To me ſome little retir'd houſe, and peaceful walks, have charms tranſcending glittering ſhew and noiſe. Rich dreſs and gaudy epuipage, in my eye, can't match the native beauties of a rural ſcene.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I know thee good, I know thou ſay'ſt all this to ſoften what I feel.—I, that have now no taſte for gaities, may truly ſay, that pleaſing ſolitude's my only wiſh. But thou, my deareſt Clary; my ſmiling comfort; thou to be torn for ever from thy youthful pleaſures, from affluence to ſcanty living! 'Tis this afflicts me moſt.—This houſe and furniture, and our few jewels, are all we now poſſeſs; and whether theſe may be our own, I'm not aſſured. This letter ſays my laſt bill has not been anſwer'd; if ſo, what have we not to fear?

CLARISSA.

Dear Madam, let not ſuch things alarm you, I dare ſay, that bill is paid.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I believe it is; but the ſhip being loſt, and no

no accounts to ſhow, what may be the conſequence, as we are in ſuch hands, I tremble to conjecture; his letter plainly ſhews what his intentions are.

CLARISSA.

Remember, Madam, what you told me of his love. Not leſs ſincere though told in plaineſt words; you ſaid it was his way, and that letter, which appears ſo ſhocking, was not meant ſo.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Read it, child, and ſpeak your thoughts.

CLARISSA *reads*.

" Madam, I have received an account, that the " ſhip, with all your wealth, was loſt in a ſtorm " off Malaga: I thought to have taken your " daughter and forty thouſand pounds from your " hands; but as that is rendered impoſſible by " this misfortune, I hold myſelf free from all " engagements with her.

" I am, Madam,

" Your humble ſervant,

" SOLOMON CASHLOVE.

" P. S. I ſhall wait on you to-morrow morn- " ing, with my accounts; I am ſorry to inform " you that your laſt draught, of two hundred " pounds, has not been anſwered. I have ſeve- " ral urgent demands on me for money at pre- " ſent; ſo I beg I may find you at home; you " know the way of trade too well to fail me."

Mrs. WORTHY.

Well, child, what's your opinion now?

CLARISSA.

Indeed, it is a cutting letter! And how you bear it with a mind ſo patient, I wonder and admire! What do you intend to do? Should you not conſult ſome friend? I think the man who could write ſuch a letter, ſhould not be truſted.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I think ſo too. I intend to get Sir Charles Friendly's advice; his friendſhip will aſſiſt us all he can.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir Charles Friendly, Madam.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Deſire him to walk in.

Enter SIR CHARLES FRIENDLY.

SIR CHARLES.

Ladies your moſt obedient. I hope I have not made you wait.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I was juſt going to ſend for you, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

I'm glad that trouble's ſav'd.—Is not Miſs Charlotte here?

Mrs. WORTHY.

Sir Charles, your pardon, Charlotte's indiſpoſed and can't be here, I ſhould have ſent you word,

word, but the melancholy news, I've heard, had drove it from my thoughts.—Oh! Sir, that girl and I are ruin'd!

SIR CHARLES.

Ruin'd! Heavens forbid! What's the matter, Madam?

Mrs. WORTHY.

There, Sir's the proof! Pleaſe to read that, and then ſay, if 'tis poſſible for us to be more wretched.

CLARISSA.

Your leave, Madam, to retire, this is more than I am able to ſupport!

Mrs. WORTHY.

Yes, my poor Clary, retire, I ſee thy heart is full. [*exit Clariſſa.*

SIR CHARLES.

This is afflicting news indeed! When had you this letter, Madam?

Mrs. WORTHY.

Not half an hour ago.

SIR CHARLES.

Know you how this man got the intelligence? And when this happen'd?

Mrs. WORTHY.

No, Sir, neither.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, Madam, don't be afflicted, till you

know the truth. I'll go to this Caſhlove, and learn the particulars of this accident—the thing is of too much importance to truſt to idle rumor.

Mrs. WORTHY.

You'll infinitely oblige me, Sir, I fain would know the truth.

SIR CHARLES.

Be aſſured, Madam, nothing, in my power, ſhall be left undone. I have a friend, that came to town this very day from Malaga, perhaps he can inform us of ſome particulars. I'll bring him with me.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Pray do, Sir, and oblige me with your company, as ſoon as poſſible.

SIR CHARLES.

A line from you to this Caſhlove may prevent delays, as I don't know him.

Mrs. WORTHY.

If you pleaſe, Sir Charles, we'll ſtep into the next room, and I'll write to him. *exeunt.*

Enter Clariſſa and Faithful.

CLARISSA.

Ah! Faithful!—Vain hopes! All thoughts, that flatter'd me of him, are fled! Beſides, if he was found, how know I that he loves! Tho' once his eyes, his ev ry look declar'd he did.—But—

he'd

he'd deſpiſe me now, a beggar as I am! 'Tis the practice of the world to ſhun the wretch that's ſtruggling with misfortune. But wherefore do you mention him! Is it to afflict me more?

FAITHFUL.

Think not I'd aggravate your grief, for with my utmoſt power I'll always ſtrive to ſerve you.

CLARISSA.

I do believe thee, but why at preſent do you mention him?

FAITHFUL.

I'd know if ſtill you love him? If lucky chance ſhould bring him here, how would you, I ſhould act.

CLARISSA.

Why do you aſk? Know you of him? But this is mere deluſion! Thou know'ſt him not.

FAITHFUL.

Indeed, I never till this hour ſaw him.—But by each circumſtance of your deſcription he's now below.

CLARISSA.

Below, ſay'ſt thou! How has he found me out? Where has he been till now? Why has he never ſtrove to ſpeak to me before? Oh! Faithful, what would'ſt thou adviſe me to do? Why didſt thou give him admittance? Where's my mother? Where's my fortune?—You know I muſt not ſee him without my mother's leave; that

is

is I ne'er muſt ſee him! For ſhe will never conſent! What ſaid he to thee? How does he look? Oh! What's his errand here?

FAITHFUL.

If one can gueſs at ſouls by looks, his is the pureſt, ſure, that ever harbour'd love, his face ſo manly, yet ſo ſweet, ſo honeſt, I could not for my heart deny him entrance.

CLARISSA.

I fain would hear him ſpeak.—Oh! if I find him ſuch as my fancy paints him, I'll open all my ſoul! I'll tell him how much my heart is his, then convince him how much I am beneath him, and take my leave of him and happineſs for ever.

FAITHFUL.

Let me ſhew him up. Shall I?—yes, yes, I will.

CLARISSA.

But let him know, his ſtay muſt be but ſhort, and, Faithful, do not leave me.—O how I long, yet dread to ſee him. [*Exit Faithful.*

Enter TRUEMAN *and* FAITHFUL.

TRUEMAN.

It is! It is! the lovely idol of my ſoul! and time has opened all thoſe blooming charms, that were but in the bud, when laſt I ſaw her.

CLARISSA.

Oh! Faithful, ſupport me! rightly haſt thou divined, it is the man! If his ſoul but anſwers to his perſon, his conqueſt is complete! [*Aſide to Faithful.*

TRUEMAN.

Forgive fair excellence! and gracious lend an ear to one, who much has hoped, and fought this bleſt occaſion, kneeling thus, to let you know, my heart has long been dedicated thine! My mind has known no eaſe, nor body reſt! Soul-cheering joy has been a ſtranger to me, ſince I was torn from gazing on thoſe lovely charms!

CLARISSA.

Riſe! oh! riſe, Sir! I would not for the world my mother ſaw you thus!

TRUEMAN.

Nor I, if 'twould offend her! For think not I intend to keep my paſſion from her. No; as my intentions are pure and diſintereſted, I'll ſtrive to gain her ſanction to my love. But firſt would know, dear maid, if you approve my flame! for tho' I love you more than tongue can tell; or fruitful fancy paint, I'd ſooner die than court your mother's-leave, e'er I had your's. I know 'tis juſt that parents ſhould diſpoſe! but think 'tis right that children firſt ſhould chuſe.

CLARISSA, [*aſide.*]

How ſweet his words, how juſt his ſentiments.

TRUEMAN.

O ſpeak my doom! nor by your ſilence keep me on the rack!

CLARISSA.

You know not, Sir, to whom you make your court! I am not now rich Worthy's daughter, as I once

I once was called, but poor Clariſſa; and little more than beggar. Therefore ceaſe, O ceaſe, this wild purſuit, and ſeek for wealth and happineſs from another!

TRUEMAN.

Charming creature!—Can you account me ſuch a money-ſeeking wretch, to love you leſs, becauſe you want a fortune? No! let baſe grov'ling worldly-wiſe ones place their choiceſt bliſs in hoards of glittering trifles. Thou, thou art all the treaſure that my ſoul deſires.

CLARISSA.

Your paſſion hurries you away—conſider, Sir—

TRUEMAN.

Oh! do not hold me ſuch a worthleſs wretch! Deſire of wealth's a crime my ſoul has ne'er been tainted with. Why ſhould I wiſh for more, that have already more than is ſufficient for my wiſhes. What is this gold the buſy world ſo covets! Where is the joy to be poſſeſt of millions, compared to beauty, innocence and truth like your's? You bring a dower greater than ranſoms of captive kings;—larger than e'er the inſatiate miſer wiſh'd for, or the world contains without you.

CLARISSA, [*aſide.*]

How ſweet is adulation, from the tongue one loves.

TRUEMAN.

Oh! could you know the thouſand racking hours I've paſt ſince I beheld you firſt. How I have

have ſought, how ſuffer'd! ſure you would think my love unalterable, and muſt approve it. If that my troubles paſt, my preſent vows of future conſtancy can plead! Oh! make me bleſt, and ſuffer me to urge my ſuit with your mother.

CLARISSA.

That I took notice of your ardent looks at Oxford and at the Play, I own. That I'm convinced you bear a ſingular eſteem for me, I readily confeſs; and that my eſteem for you is reciprocal (tho' maiden baſhfulneſs would have me hide it from you) my artleſs tongue reveals without a bluſh. I think this due to conſtancy like your's from one that would, but never can be your's.

TRUEMAN.

What means the charmer of my ſoul, to raiſe me to the higheſt pitch of human bliſs; to hear you ſay, tranſporting ſound! that you eſteem me; and then to daſh my hopes, to plunge me into miſery unutterable! Why, my dear Clariſſa, what hinders that you can't be mine? Ah! I remember now, you're deſtin'd by your parents for another. But ſure your mother will not, cannot be ſo cruel, to thwart you in your choice, when once ſhe knows it.

CLARISSA.

'Tis true my father, long before his death, deſign'd me for one Caſhlove, and dying recom-

mer d:d to my mother to have us ma ied, but I never liked him. I ſaw his ſoul was never form'd to ; a. with mine. I have contriv'd thus long to avoid my mis'ry. My mother, who loves me more than ever parent lov'd a child, has been ſo far indulgent to me, as to liſten to my fram'd excuſes. Theſe delays muſt ſoon have ended, but Providence, to rid me of a loathed huſband, has plung'd us into wretched poverty. He, the moment the news of our misfortune was received, ſends a brutal letter to us, that thoughts of marriage with me were over. He, I fear, intends to ſtrip us of the little we have left.

TRUEMAN.

Heav'ns! What a monſter have you drawn? to leave ſuch goodneſs, when diſtreſs is on her! But thanks to his ſordid ſpirit, it has remov'd each bar that could obſtruct my bliſs. 'There ſure is no impediment, ſince you'll conſent; my name and character's unſtain'd, (I ſpeak it not in boaſt) my fortune ſure cannot be objected to.

CLARISSA.

'Tis that's the bar to all you wiſh. I know too well my mother's temper, to think ſhe'll e'er conſent.

TRUEMAN.

Oh! why? what can be her objection.

CLARISSA.

I have heard her ſay a thouſand times, e'er this misfortune befel us, that ſhould ſhe be reduced

to

to want, ſhe'd rather beg or ſtarve than match me to a man above her ſtate! Each ſmalleſt glance (ſhe'd cry) aſkaunt, would cut her to the ſoul. And ſhe ſhould take each frown, each ſlighteſt word, as ſharp revilings at our poverty. 'Tis this ſhe cannot bear. She knows herſelf too well, and therefore is reſolv'd to undergo ev'ry other mis'ry, rather than ſuffer that.

TRUEMAN.

'Tis a noble pride! But groundleſs are her fears. The man that's bleſt with you, can want no riches elſe; except there is another wretch on earth like him you have deſcrib'd. If you think me not ſuch an one (and ſure you don't) try, my ſoul's delight, try to win her. Tell her how long I've lov'd, how conſtantly. Say I have wealth! ſay I am poor, (for ſo I am without you) ſay any thing to melt her; for you have ſweet perſuaſion on your tongue, and oh! may it prevail this once, or I am loſt?

CLARISSA.

I wiſh I had a power like this to move my mother! Here, alas! I fear 'twill fail! But that ſucceſs may crown my pleading, I'll watch each tender moment, when her heart melts at our diſtreſs, and tell her how generous you are, how diſintereſted your profeſſions, how much I wiſh her to conſent, and ſhould ſhe not, how greatly I ſhould ſuffer.

TRUEMAN.

Exalted goodneſs! how my ſoul adores you!

CLARISSA.

Pray, Sir, retire, I hear my mother coming.

TRUEMAN.

Oh! when ſhall I be permitted to hear the iſſue of your pleading? For ſure no wretch that hourly waits his ſentence, life, or death, can feel the racking pain of direful expectation more ſtrongly than I ſhall.

CLARISSA.

Let your man wait about theſe doors, my Maid ſhall inform him of all that I can learn to-night.

TRUEMAN.

But may I not hope one interview this evening?

CLARISSA.

If that can be accompliſh'd I'll let you know. Farewell.

TRUEMAN.

Angelic goodneſs, adieu!

Exert thy ſkill---conſider both our lives
Are bliſs or woe, as thy perſuaſion thrives.

End of Act Third.

ACT IV.

SCENE——CHARLOTTE's HOUSE.

Enter Sir Charles Friendly and Pinum.

Sir CHARLES.

AND art thou ſure, the quarrel was but that? —I now remember her looks were changed that very moment. Here's for thy friendſhip—continue it and I'll reward thee. [*giving her his purſe.*

PINUM.

Without this, Sir, I ſhould have ſerved you.—Be aſſured, Sir, that was her only reaſon for refuſing to ſee you to-day.—But to what lengths ſhe would have carried her reſentment, I tremble to think. She was going to throw herſelf away to be reveng'd on you!

Sir CHARLES.

Throw herſelf away? What doſt thou mean.

PINUM.

Why ſhe was reſolv'd to marry Caſhlove, the deſtin'd huſband of Clariſſa.

Sir CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES.

Caſhlove! O the villain! Has he ſeen your miſtreſs? How has he diſcloſed his wiſhes to her.

PINUM.

Why, by the artifice of one of thoſe uſeful ladies to lovers, a Milliner. Who under pretence of lace and trinkets, get admittance into ev'ry family; and are the reigning bawds of the times.

SIR CHARLES.

Then he has not been with your miſtreſs?

PINUM.

No, Sir, and I'll take care he ſhan't.

Sir CHARLES.

Does he know thy Lady?

PINUM.

No, Sir.

Sir CHARLES.

Not know her? 'tis well. I have a thought come into my head.—It will be an eaſy matter to put another woman on him. What think you Mrs. Pinum, of marrying a man worth fifty thouſand pounds?

PINUM.

That I could eaſe him of it as well, as if I were born a lady. But how's this to be done.

Sir CHARLES.

Very eaſily if you'll follow my directions. As he neither knows your Miſtreſs or you, 'tis but appearing in a better dreſs, and I dare engage the ſcheme will ſucceed. He'll be very preſſing for

for you to marry him, before you hear that Mrs. Worthy's misfortunes had been the reaſon of his deſerting Clariſſa. And as he knows your Lady's fortune is in her own hands, he will readily paſs over the ceremony of examining writings, or any thing that may cauſe delays. So your buſineſs will be to comply ſoon, after the beſt manner you can. And for an excuſe, tell him you fear miſchief from me, if I ſhould diſcover it before 'tis over. I'll have a Clergyman ready to tack you together; but be ſure, keep it a ſecret, 'till I think proper to diſcloſe it.

PINUM.

I will, Sir, and don't fear my playing my part well; as you have given me the cue, for I have copied all the airs of the ſev'ral ladies, I've ſerv'd, and know how to make uſe of them when occaſion offers. What, Sir, muſt I yield at the firſt attack?

SIR CHARLES.

Surrender to night by all means.

PINUM.

I'll obey your orders. I muſt hurry now to dreſs. You'll find my lady at the harpſichord.

SIR CHARLES.

I wiſh you ſucceſs. [*exeunt.*

CHAR.

CHARLOTTE *at her harpſichord.*

Young Damon long rang'd a ſtranger to love,
He won and deſerted the fair;
No belle of the town, no nymph of the grove,
Could fix the inconſtant ſincere.
No black, brown or fair, he ever had ſeen,
Had caus'd him a moment of woe,
He boaſts that his heart was always ſerene,
Nor ever had utter'd, heigh ho!
Exulting thus long he ſcour'd the plains,
His mind was a ſtranger to care,
He ſang and he danc'd, and laugh'd at the ſwains,
Whoſe love made them ſigh and deſpair.
Leave whining ye fools, he frequently cry'd
And follow the ſteps that I go,
Your hearts then like mine to freedom ally'd,
Will laugh at the ſilly, heigh ho!
Alexis one day to Damon reply'd
Sweet Lydia, when once you have ſeen,
Will ſoon make you bow and own that the pride
Of nature is now on our green.
The moment he ſpoke, the fair one appear'd,
And wonder ſtrait ſeiz'd on our beau,
He gaz'd and he ſigh'd, the ſhepherds all heard
Young Damon expreſſing heigh ho!
His flock he neglects, his pipe throws away,
His ſinging and dancing forbears,
That face is all wan, that once was ſo gay!
And love in each feature he wears!

He

He kneels and implores; ſhe deaf to his moan,
No pity on him will beſtow.
And Damon by love's a ſkeleton grown,
And ever is ſighing heigh ho!

SIR CHARLES.

The trembling ſtrings touch'd by a hand ſo fair,
In ſounds harmonious do their joy declare.

CHARLOTTE.

What means this unwelcome viſit? My orders were I'd be alone.

Sir CHARLES.

How much am I embarraſs'd, that in this one article I cannot obey my charmer's orders; I ſaw your door open, heard you was at home, and aſk'd no queſtions: I have twice to-day already been denied admittance.

CHARLOTTE.

And my commands were, you ſhould never more enter theſe doors. You ſhall gain nothing, Sir, by your intruſion now.

Sir CHARLES.

Your change of ſentiments aſtoniſhes me; nor can I gueſs—

CHARLOTTE.

No matter, Sir: I am determin'd.—

Sir CHARLES.

Come, come, this humor ſuits not a breaſt ſo gen'rous as yours, reveal the cauſe, and I am very

certain, I ſhall be able to remove it.—For your ſake, for mine, refuſe me not this indulgence.

CHARLOTTE.

What mean you, Sir? Have I not ſeen? Have I not heard? But I will hear no more; I know your innocence, and you for a——

Sir CHARLES.

Lover, my dear Charlotte; a true, a conſtant lover; one that has long counted you his own, and ſtill eſteems you ſuch.

CHARLOTTE.

Inſolence! How dare you, after what I ſaw yeſterday, affront me with your odious paſſion? I hate myſelf for ever having the leaſt favourable opinion of you.

Sir CHARLES.

Dear Madam, be calm a moment; and you'll ſee your error.—If that was all my crime; when yeſterday——

CHARLOTTE.

If that was all? O inſupportable! What could be more affronting?

Sir CHARLES.

I beg you'll hear me. If you think I was too aſſiduous in helping your deareſt friends; what would you, and juſtly too, have ſaid, had I done otherwiſe?

CHARLOTTE.

What? think you I could not ſee through your poor deſign of getting rid of me, to enjoy the

the

the company of that girl? I doubt not but I was ſacrificed to her.

Sir CHARLES.

By my ſoul, you wrong us much in judging ſo! 'Tis true you were the ſubject of our whole diſcourſe. I was anticipating joys to come, and fondly talk'd of pleaſure in ſtore for me. And ſhe, as friend to you, was ſharing happineſs with both. Wanting to get rid of you! (unkind to ſay ſo.) How could I act otherwiſe.

CHARLOTTE.

And think you this has calm'd me, No! I'm not ſo tame a creature! Did I not ſee you all the evening after, gaze on her with eyes of ſtrong attachment? and talk with her as though ſhe was the only company you deſired to be preſent?

Sir CHARLES.

You then were angry, and fancy'd what I never did, or thought on. I ſaw you were not pleaſed, and twenty times I ſtrove to know the reaſon, I could not gueſs the right one. Prithee, my dear Charlotte, (nay do not frown; I muſt, I will not call you by any other name) be reconcil'd; and make me happy. Come, come, I ſee you ſtrive to frown; but love, the tell tale love ſmiles in your eyes, and ſhews me all your heart.

CHARLOTTE.

Vain creature! My eyes, I'm ſure, tell no ſuch thing, nay come no nearer, I'm convinc'd, what would you more?

Sir CHALRES.

You muſt ſeal my pardon, and re-admiſſion into grace. To-morrow my Charlotte's all my own. [*ſalutes her.*]

CHARLOTTE.

Pſhaw, pray have done. I will this inſtant to Mrs. Worthy's, I cannot reſt till I have aſk'd Clariſſa's pardon for my unjuſt ſuſpicion.

Sir CHARLES.

Good creature! My being with you had from my mind drove ev'ry thought. Poor Mrs. Worthy has juſt now receiv'd the melancholy news that the veſſel with all her wealth on board, is loſt. And that villain Caſhlove has deſerted poor Clariſſa. I fear he intends to ſeize what little they have left, for money given her upon a draught that has not been anſwer'd.

CHARLOTTE.

Good heavens! how much am I afflicted for them! Two worthier women live not. Oh! that vile Caſhlove! What think you of a rival in him?

Sir CHARLES.

A rival! Sure my Charlotte could not ſtoop ſo low.

CHARLOTTE.

When that raging fit of burning jealouſy was on me, I know not what I ſhould have done, but now you need not fear. Nay I'd another gallant who actually made propoſals to me.

Sir

Sir CHARLES.

Pray, who was he?

CHARLOTTE.

Indeed I cannot tell; but he was ſuch a bluſtering, rattling blade, that I had much ado with all my ſpirit to curb his inſolence; at laſt however I forc'd him to retreat.

Sir CHARLES.

For Caſhlove I've a trick will pleaſe you.

CHARLOTTE.

But pray, Sir Charles, let us go to comfort theſe afflicted friends.

Sir CHARLES.

I'll ſee you to the door, but then muſt leave you for a moment; I have a friend at my lodgings, who's juſt arriv'd from the place where this ſhip is ſaid to have been loſt. Perhaps he may make ſome diſcoveries of ſervice to Mrs. Worthy.

CHARLOTTE.

I ſhall very readily diſpenſe with your attendance on me, when you're engaged in the ſervice of my friends. [*exeunt.*

SCENE.—Sir Charles Friendly's Lodgings.

Enter Trueman and Briſk.

TRUEMAN.

Who brought this letter?

BRISK.

Your Uncle's ſervant.—I hope, Sir, he'll be convinced that you're alive without your being forc'd to prove it by law.

TRUEMAN.

I hope he will. [*opens the letter and reads.*] So, thank heaven this affair is ended to my wiſh; and juſt when fortune moſt can ſerve me. Honeſt Uncle! you ſhall never have occaſion to part with your eſtate whilſt I have one.—Run, Briſk, and watch for Faithful.

Enter Sir Charles Friendly.

Well, Trueman, what ſucceſs from Briſk's negociation; has he heard any more?

TRUEMAN.

More, Charles? I've been admitted to her heavenly preſence, ſince I ſaw you.

Sir CHARLES.

What? how? What have you done?

TRUEMAN.

Oh! I found her lovely, beyond deſcription lovely! But then her mind excells her charming perſon. O! ſhe is more of excellence, than ever my enraptur'd fancy thought!

Sir CHARLES.

Happy Trueman!

TRUEMAN.

The coy, the affected prude's behaviour ſhe knows nothing of. For the lovely maid, without a bluſh, with breath more ſweet than flow'ry orange-

orange-groves, after ſoft deſcending rains, confeſs'd her eſteem for me.

Sir CHARLES.

That's ſomething ſtrange indeed! Few women own their flame ſo ſoon; they think their reign depends on cruelty. They, like the Romiſh Prieſts, preſerve their pow'r by keeping their devotees in ignorance. I'm glad that thou haſt met with one that knows and values worth like your's. Have you heard nothing from your Uncle yet?

TRUEMAN.

Yes, I have this moment received a letter from him, which I know will give you pleaſure, to find my poor Uncle honeſt.

Sir Charles reads it.

" Dear Nephew,

" I am juſt come home, where I found a note " left by Sir Charles Friendly, which gives me the " agreeable account of your health and return to " enjoy your own. My wife, whom I loſt laſt " week, confeſs'd on her death-bed, ſhe had " cauſed all your letters to be intercepted, which " made me conclude you dead. From this, I " thought your eſtate mine by right. But be " aſſured I am more pleaſed at your welfare, than " ever I could have been in the poſſeſſion of your " fortune. I ſhall account with you for all the " money I have received in your abſence, and

" ſhall

" ſhall diſpoſe of my own patrimony, to clear
" with you, and the whole world. Let me know
" when I may have the pleaſure to reinſtate you
" in your rights, which will give the higheſt
" ſatisfaction to,

" Dear Nephew,

" Your affectionate Uncle,

" PLIANT TRUEMAN."

Sir CHARLES.

Trueman, I congratulate you upon your double felicity, the diſcovery of your miſtreſs, and the recovery of your eſtate. For, believe me, I had conceiv'd difficulties in both caſes.—But I muſt now beg your attention to another affair. Had you left Malaga before the great ſtorm there?

TRUEMAN.

No, I was there at the time it happen'd, and came home paſſenger in a ſhip that was forc'd into that port in a ſhatter'd condition, by that ſtorm. The Captain of which, knowing my family, offer'd me a paſſage to England.

Sir CHARLES.

A worthy lady, at whoſe houſe I have been viſiting, has juſt receiv'd the diſmal news, that the veſſel, which was conveying all her wealth home, was loſt near that place, and I engaged to take you with me, if you could give any intelligence.

TRUEMAN.

Charles, I cannot ſtir, till Priſk arrives; I want to know if I can ſee my charmer to night.

But will you come, if that's impracticable?

TRUEMAN.

I will: you may depend upon me.

Sir CHARLES.

My man will conduct you to us. But ſee! who comes here? o'my conſcience Jack Rattle.

TRUEMAN.

How unlucky is it! I ſhould at any other time have rejoic'd to ſee an old acquaintance, but at preſent I'm impatient of any interruption!

Enter RATTLE.

RATTLE.

Ha! my brother Colls. who the devil wou'd have dreamt of meeting you two here? Where in the name of wonder have you been lounging for theſe three years? You, Trueman, I thought had turn'd friar, for the ſake of ſome nuns fleſh. ha! ha! ha!

TRUEMAN.

I am glad to find our old friend Jack in ſo merry a mood. But why that laugh?

RATTLE.

Why, Faith, that ſolemn phiz of thine, almoſt confirms me in my opinion. ha! ha!

Sir CHARLES.

Our friend Trueman, Jack, has a very ſerious affair upon his hands.

RATTLE.

What, Trueman, art thou going to be married;

TRUEMAN.

I am glad to find that Jack thinks that a ſerious buſineſs.

RATTLE.

Faith, not I; for upon my ſoul I've never yet thought about the matter, only I've obſerv'd people look grave and ſolemn after they've been before that miſchief-making rogue, the parſon. And I ſuppoſe the prelude muſt have ſomething ſerious in it.

TRUEMAN.

I find Jack's the ſame giddy creature we ever knew him.

Sir CHARLES.

And I fancy will continue ſo.——Pray, Jack, how have you ſpent your time ſince we left college?

RATTLE.

Why, faith, Charles, very merrily, and what's very ſurpriſing, in the country.

Sir CHARLES.

Surpriſing indeed that the country ſhould for any time fix ſuch a volatile heart as thine. But how haſt thou contriv'd to make the country agreeable.

RATTLE.

My good father's opportune death free'd me, you know, from Tutor Fell's jobations and damn'd impoſitions; and put me in poſſeſſion of hills and vales, of woods and fox-holes.

TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAM.

Why fox-holes, Jack, I ſhould not have put that as a material article in my rent-roll.

RATTLE.

Poor Trueman, I pity thy inſenſibility—know then that thoſe ſaid fox-holes have been the principal ingredient in my pleaſures.

Sir CHARLES.

How make you that appear, Jack?

RATTLE.

As thus. I turn'd foxhunter to ſave my neighbours lambs and poultry.

TRUEMAN.

A very humane project, upon my word.

RATTLE.

So I made the people believe. Tho' they now and then would murmur at their fences broken down, and their corn deſtroy'd by the army that attended me. But ſtill I cry'd, if you will not diſpenſe with theſe trifling inconveniences, I'll let the foxes looſe upon your folds.—This ſilenced them.—Now I commenc'd a thorough ſportſman. I rival'd 'Squire Styrrup, the beſt horſeman in the county of Salop, in the chace. How often have I hung upon the edge of a rock, forty yards high, when the turning of a pebble would have hurl'd me and ſilver-tail to the bottom. This was noble ſport. No bar, no gate could ſtop me. I flew over them like ſwallows o'er a river.

TRUEMAN.

Indeed, Jack, I cannot envy you your dangerous ſport.

RATTLE.

Dangerous do you call it. Why I'll ſtake my ſilver-tail to a dray-horſe, that had you heard the raviſhing harmony of the hounds in full cry, you would have been blind to danger, ventur'd your neck, and turn'd as keen a ſportſman as any on the field. Poh! poh! thou talk'ſt like all novices in hunting. Danger, quotha: Why there's Lady Ringwood is ev'ry morning the firſt in the field, and the laſt out of it; ſhe's ſeldom thrown out the whole chace: And I dare ſay, my huntſman will tell you that there's not one of us all her equal, in taking a leap, or in hunting a pack with judgment.

Sir CHARLES.

But how does ſhe ride, Jack? I'm afraid you are humming us.

RATTLE.

Upon my ſoul I am not. How does ſhe ride? why in good buck-ſkin, a belt over her ſhoulder, and a jockey cap. And then her whip ſhe makes echo to the cry of the hounds.

TRUEMAN.

A moſt curious picture haſt thou drawn of a modern amazon.

Sir CHARLES.

Pray, Jack, what brought you from your rural pleaſures? ſome urgent buſineſs I ſuppoſe.

RATTLE.

RATTLE.

Why variety, my boy, taſte, faſhion. I came to town to be in the faſhion.

TRUEMAN.

And how long have you been here?

RATTLE.

Three weeks, and in that time, I've had two adventures. You find I'm a man of buſineſs.

TRUEMAN.

Adventures? of what ſort?

RATTLE.

Of the am'rous, boy. Tho', faith, Cupid's arrows did not wound very deep.

Sir CHARLES.

Who were the ladies you encounter'd?

RATTLE.

Faith that's more than I can tell you, for as I intended to advance no farther, I never troubled myſelf with enquiring their names, quality, or fortune.

Sir CHARLES.

Where did you meet with them?

RATTLE.

At Ranelagh, liſt'ning to a ſong, that had more muſic than ſenſe in it. The lively one I boldly attack'd, but found her wit carry too keen an edge for me. However what I wanted in wit, I made up with a modeſt aſſurance. In ſhort, ſhe ſeem'd not diſpleas'd with me, and I'd the honor to hand her to her coach.

SIR CHARLES.

Sir CHARLES.

Well, Jack, and how did this adventure end?

RATTLE.

Hold not ſo faſt. My other adventure began and ended before this. I was a little taken in by her companion at Ranelagh; and about four hours ago I've had an interview with her. But the girl, under the ſanction of a mother's preſence, treated me with more ſpirit than is her own, and diſmiſs'd me damn'd haughtily.

Sir CHARLES and TRUEMAN.

Ha! ha! ha!

Sir CHARLES.

But how got you introduc'd to this lady?

RATTLE.

Why I ſaw her at her window, and puſh'd a face, as I uſed to do at college.

TRUEMAN.

But 'tis ſtrange, Jack, that you know not either of their names.

RATTLE.

Not ſtrange at all, becauſe I never enquired; the one was call'd Charlotte, but what her other name was I know not. And the other I chriſten'd Phillis, courting her out of Horace, upon a challenge given by her mother, to make me prove I had read the bible.

Sir CHARLES.

Strange creature! to quote Horace for the bible. I know that lady call'd Charlotte, and from

from what I know, you have no chance of ſucceeding there.

RATTLE.

Faith, I believe not, nor does Jack Rattle care. Tho' upon my ſoul, as I told you I had ſome reaſon to expect a better reception from her. But no, my ſtars fought againſt me a ſecond time. I was impatient, and the girl thought me impertinent, ſo after two or three very ſmart ſpeeches, ſhe gave me my choice, whether I would depart, or ſtay and bear an old pimping millener company. Upon this I made my bow, and left her ladyſhip to perform that ceremony herſelf.

TRUEMAN.

Ha! ha! ha! very laconic, Jack, upon my word. But you muſt court again.

RATTLE.

By Jove not I. I'll now return into the country, and court my dogs to find me Reynard. I'm tir'd of a city life; and when you are, Jack Rattle will be glad to ſee you at his houſe near the Clay Hills. Adieu, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—CHARLOTTE's HOUSE.

Enter Caſhlove and Pinum.

CASHLOVE.

The high value I have for your prudence and good œconomy, Madam, which the world praiſes, makes me deſirous to poſſeſs ſuch a treaſure.

PINUM.

PINUM.

O Sir, I'm oblig'd to you and the world for your favourable opinion.

CASHLOVE.

I can't uſe flouriſhes of wit, ſo much in vogue, to declare my paſſion, I am plain and honeſt, and court but bluntly.

PINUM.

[*Aſide.*] I think ſo truly, for not a word of my charms.——I like you Sir, the better for it, 'tis a ſign of ſincerity.

CASHLOVE.

I have, Madam, thank God, and my own induſtry, fifty thouſand pounds, and I'm inform'd, Madam, you have thirty thouſand, which join'd together, as I ſhall never let my money be idle, will ſoon do our buſineſs and increaſe to a plumb. Then I'll quit trade, and we'll enjoy ourſelves in eaſe in the country.

PINUM, [*aſide*]

A very comfortable proſpect for a lady of thirty thouſand pounds. I fancy, induſtrious Sir, I ſhall alter your ſcheme a little.

CASHLOVE.

Well, Madam, what ſay you to my propoſals?

PINUM.

I have been conſidering, and find your rational ſcheme of life exactly correſponds with my way of thinking. I have no objection, as I believe you ſincere. But I fear the conſequence of the report of

of your attachment to me; and dread a quarrel. A gentleman of fortune and ſpirit has long been endeavouring to gain my heart and fortune. I fear his reſentment, unleſs we can conceal it till 'tis over.

CASHLOVE.

The only way to prevent that is to marry directly. I have a Clergyman ready, you've heard my circumſtances and I know your's, ſo we are ſure there's no fraud between us; why then need we delay, Madam?

PINUM.

What will the world ſay to ſuch a ſudden meaſure, or what would you think were I to conſent at our firſt interview?

CASHLOVE.

The world; how will it know how long I've courted you? And for myſelf, Madam, I'll conſider your conſent as a proof of your regard for my ſafety.

PINUM.

Well, Sir, you've remov'd my objections, and I've now no ſcruples left.

CASHLOVE.

How you rejoice me, Madam. Let me conduct you to the coach that waits.

PINUM.

Sir, I comply and depend on your generoſity.

[*exeunt.*

Enter BRISK.

Why this jade fortune is making us large amends for our two years miſery. My maſter to find his miſtreſs and I mine, and to get his eſtate in one day. Why the hopes of our lives are accompliſh'd in a trice. Adieu garlick, pickl'd pepper, vermin, and hard living, and welcome matrimony, eaſe and plenty.

Enter FAITHFUL.

Briſk!

BRISK.

My dear girl, welcome, I was juſt contemplating the happineſs we ſhall enjoy when united.—What news, Faithful?

FAITHFUL.

My young lady has not yet been able to diſcloſe it to her mother; but you may aſſure your maſter ſhe'll be his or no man's.

BRISK.

What can't he ſee her to night?

FAITHFUL.

It will be impoſſible! She has company on buſineſs of importance. I fear my old miſtreſs will be averſe to the match.

BRISK.

Why ſo? My maſter's character and fortune ſhe cannot object to.

FAITHFUL.

Her circumſtances are greatly reduc'd by loſſes, and ſuch is her ſpirit, that her not being able

to

to make her daughter's fortune proportionable to his will be the grand objection. But when ſhe knows your maſter's character and my young lady's inclinations, her motherly fondneſs will make her give up her reſolution which ſhe has long been endeavouring to reconcile her daughter to.

BRISK.

She has not yet felt the hardſhips of poverty and want, or ſhe would never be a bar to her daughter's happineſs.

FAITHFUL.

Briſk, I'm of thy way of thinking. But I muſt be gone. Good night.

BRISK.

Hold; we part not ſo. [kiſſes her] When ſhall I ſee you again?

FAITHFUL.

Come in the morning, I hope then to give you better news.

BRISK.

Farewell till then, and much I hope to-morrow
Will put an end to man's and maſter's ſorrow.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE.——Mrs. WORTHY's HOUSE.

Enter Mrs. Worthy, Clariſſa, and Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

WHEN do you expect him?

Mrs. WORTHY.

His letter ſays to-morrow. I muſt intreat Sir Charles Friendly to be preſent, I then ſhall need a friend like him.

CHARLOTTE.

'Tis abſolutely neceſſary. A wretch like him ſhould not be truſted. What a lucky eſcape for thee, Clariſſa.

Mrs. WORTHY.

A lucky eſcape indeed! How have I been deceiv'd? 'Till this day, I thought him the beſt and worthieſt of men. His outward ſhew of love, his willingneſs to pleaſe, had gain'd ſo much upon me, I could have truſted him beyond mankind. And if this accident had not happen'd, I ſhould have been ten thouſand times more miſerable, in calling ſuch a creature, Son; and thou my deareſt Clary!

Clary! What a life would thine have been match'd to a man, no more worthy of thee, my life's ſole comfort! than thou art of this misfortune.

CHARLOTTE.

In my opinion 'tis happineſs, to be ſo deceiv'd ſince none but vicious ſouls would judge of others ſo.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I was ſo blind to all his faults, I never once conſulted her affections, I fancy'd him ſo good, ſo gen'rous that none could chuſe but like him. But you, my Clariſſa, ſaw into his hidden thoughts; that zeal to pleaſe was only paid your fortune, and worth and virtue ſuch as your's, had never touch'd his brutal heart. How could you judge him ſuch a monſter, and never tell his faults? How could you bear to ſacrifice your happineſs to one, who did not, could not, value your brighteſt charms.

CLARISSA.

Tho' long I'd doubted, never till lately could I be aſſured. And you, however tenderly you love me, never till to-day demanded my opinion, when freely I gave you my ſentiments of the wretch, which we have found too true.

CHARLOTTE.

'Tis my advice, immediately to ſend for him; the ſooner you have done with him, the better. I expect Sir Charles every moment.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Clary, ſend for Caſhlove, then all theſe dreadful doubts, of wretched conſequences, will end, when once we know the worſt. Sir Charles mention'd a friend of his lately arrived from Malaga.

CHARLOTTE.

He left me to call upon that friend.

Enter a Servant.

Sir Charles Friendly, Madam.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Shew Sir Charles in.

Enter SIR CHARLES FRIENDLY.

Ladies, your moſt obedient.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Oh! Sir Charles, how much am I obliged to you for your kindneſs. Pray have you ſeen Caſhlove?

SIR CHARLES.

I have, madam, and find the captain of another ſhip that ſail'd with your's from Leghorn, brought the account, and my friend informs me he came paſſenger in the ſhip. He will be here ſoon, and I would have him heard, before all hopes are given up. How oft have we heard of veſſels loſt, that have months after arriv'd ſafe? Come, Madam, don't deſpair, all your effects may not have been aboard that ſhip!

Mrs. WORTHY.

How good you are to ſtrive to raiſe my hopes? If this ſhip's loſt, my all is gone! my laſt letter from

from my clerk, inform'd me that he and all my effects were embark'd on board Capt. Steerwell.

CHARLOTTE.

My deareſt Madam, be comforted. My fortune and Sir Charles's is ample, and you ſhall ſhare it with us.

Sir CHARLES.

There ſpoke my charming girl the wiſhes of my heart: then do not, Madam, damp our joys, but bleſs us with acceptance.

Mrs. WORTHY.

O! Charlotte, oh! Sir Charles how kind, how friendly are your proffers! How much unlike the world you act! I have not words to thank you or tell you what I feel at this moment. After Caſhlove has been here, I'll then acquaint you with my reſolves.

Enter a Servant.

A gentleman enquires for Sir Charles Friendly.

SIR CHARLES.

'Tis my friend Trueman, give me leave to introduce him. [*exit Sir Charles.*

CLARISSA, [*aſide.*]

Trueman! if it ſhould be the ſame! I tremble till I know.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Look out our papers, Child. It won't be long e'er Caſhlove will be here.

CHARLOTTE.

Give me leave to accompany Clariſſa.

[*Exit Charlotte and Clariſſa.*

Enter

Enter Sir Charles and Trueman.

Sir CHARLES.

Mr Trueman, Madam.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Sir, your humble Servant.

TRUEMAN.

Madam your moſt obedient. I cannot be miſtaken: 'tis certainly the houſe I ſaw Clariſſa in. [*aſide.*

Mrs. WORTHY.

Sir Charles Friendly informs me, Sir, you came home in a ſhip that loſt her companion, laſt month, in a ſtorm off Malaga.

TRUEMAN.

I was then, Madam, at Malaga, when the Captain I came to England with, was forc'd by that ſtorm into that port. He frequently told me, that he fear'd the other ſhip was loſt.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Did the whole crew periſh? was nothing ſav'd?

TRUEMAN.

Nothing, I fear, Madam. During the eight days he ſtay'd to repair, he ſent out his men along the coaſt, but could neither hear of men or goods that were ſav'd. I'm extremely ſorry, Madam, my intelligence can be of no comfort to you.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Sir, I'm oblig'd to you for your information, tho' it confirms my mis'ry! And now, my poor Clariſſa!

Clariſſa! All our hopes are o'er! Excuſe me for a moment, gentlemen; I'll ſpeak to my daughter, and return. [*exit Mrs. Worthy.*

TRUEMAN.

By heav'n! It is the mother of my Clariſſa, and this the loſs ſhe mention'd. O Charles! if thou would'ſt prove thyſelf indeed my friend, if thou would'ſt make me happy, aſſiſt me now.

SIR CHARLES.

Trueman, command me, and ſee how willingly I'll obey.

TRUEMAN.

This lady's name is Worthy?

SIR CHARLES.

It is.

TRUEMAN.

Then my ador'd Clariſſa is her daughter!

Sir CHARLES.

If ſo, my friend, you had reaſon for your rapt'rous flights to-day. Clariſſa merits all your veneration. What ſhall I do to ſerve you?

TRUEMAN.

As you, my friend, are high in the eſteem of the mother, try, oh! try to bring her to conſent to yield her daughter to my arms.

Sir CHARLES.

Hold, Trueman. Have you conſider'd what you'd have me do? Can you ſtand bravely what will ſurely happen, the cenſure of a ſneering world? who think poverty a crime of ſuch a na-

ture, that beauty, worth and virtue, ſuch as her's, can't balance it.

TRUEMAN.

I ſcorn the cenſure of fools; the wiſe will think juſtly, and prize the riches of the mind, beyond the gifts of fortune. O Charles! a love ſo rivetted as mine, no envious tongue has power to move. What is wealth, but means to purchaſe pleaſures when they offer? and every joy, my ſoul can feel, in her is center'd: with her my ev'ry wiſh is gratified: without her I am miſerable.

SIR CHARLES.

Dear Trueman, I love thee more than ever! I'm charm'd to find ſuch virtue in my friend. This moment I'll try my int'reſt with the mother.

TRUEMAN.

Look! ſhe comes, and with her my Clariſſa. O Charles, conſider the importance of your undertaking, my all depends on your ſucceſs!

Sir CHARLES.

Doubt not, my friend; I'll plead as for myſelf.

Enter Mrs. Worthy, Charlotte, and Clariſſa.

Mrs. WORTHY.

This is the gentleman, my child, confirms the fatal news!

CLARISSA [*aſide to Charlotte.*]

O Charlotte! 'Tis Trueman as I thought.

CHARLOTTE.

Hide, my dear, your emotions as well as you can.

Sir CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES.

Mrs. Worthy, I've ſomething of importance to communicate to you, if you'll give me leave.

Mrs. WORTHY.

We'll ſtep into the other room, Sir Charles, if you pleaſe. [*Exit Mrs. Worthy and Sir Charles.*

TRUEMAN.

Madam, I ——

CHARLOTTE.

Come, Sir, be under no reſtraint on my account, Clariſſa has made me her confidant.

TRUEMAN.

Oh! my Clariſſa. Now my all's at ſtake! This hour either makes my life extatic bliſs, or miſerable beyond expreſſion! Sir Charles now is pleading for me with your mother.

CLARISSA.

O Sir, he'll not prevail, I fear! And if he ſhould not, where on earth can ſuch a wretch as I be found! oh! Charlotte, ſhould I loſe him!

CHARLOTTE.

Why theſe tears, my friends, when yet there is no cauſe. Sir Charles muſt ſucceed, ſhe'll readily give up her idle notions, when ſhe finds your happineſs depends upon it.

TRUEMAN.

O! that he may! And then, my dear Clariſſa, I'll dedicate my whole life to thee.

CLARISSA.

This ſuſpenſe diſtracts me, I cannot bear it!

CHARLOTTE.

Compoſe yourſelf, my dear; I'll anſwer he ſucceeds. You've had a melancholy time in Spain, Sir?

TRUEMAN.

A melancholy time indeed! But hope never forſook me. The thoughts of once more ſeeing this dear creature buoy'd up my ſinking ſpirits. At length the peace and wiſh'd deliv'rance came, and that ill-fated ſtorm drove in a ſhip to bring me to my native home. Captain Steerwell knowing my family——

CLARISSA.

Steerwell!

TRUEMAN.

That was the Captain's name.

CLARISSA.

O! heav'ns, the Captain of the ſhip reported to be loſt. O Trueman! O Charlotte! this ſudden turn of joy is more than heart can bear!

TRUEMAN.

What does my charmer mean?

CLARISSA.

If Steerwell's ſafe, then all our fears are over.

CHARLOTTE.

Surprizing, happy news!

TRUEMAN.

And doubly happy I, that brought it! Now, my Clariſſa, now no bar to our union is left!

What

What hours of grief had been prevented, had this been known before?

CLARISSA.

It would, my Trueman! but let me fly to make my mother happy. [*enter Mrs. Worthy and Sir Charles*] O Madam, what a tranſporting turn is here. Steerwell and the ſhip are ſafe.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Ah! Who brought this news?

TRUEMAN.

I am the happy bearer of theſe joyful tidings!

Sir CHARLES.

Trueman, oh! don't deceive us.

TRUEMAN.

I give you my word and honour, Steerwell is ſafe, and now at Falmouth; and I, mentioning his name, made the diſcovery.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Oh! Sir, what recompence can I make you for ſuch a boundleſs joy? You have eas'd an aching heart, that bore a double load, my own and daughter's misfortunes! Such a tranſition almoſt overpowers me!

Sir CHARLES.

Now, Trueman, I'll engage ſhe's your's.

TRUEMAN.

Would you indeed reward me to my wiſhes, oh! make me bleſt with your dear daughter.

Sir CHARLES.

Sir CHARLES.

You cannot make a worthier man your ſon. This is no new paſſion. His fortune I have told you.

Mrs. WORTHY.

He needs no other advocate than you, and his own worth. His gen'rous offer, when he thought us poor, beſpeaks him good. But without this unexpected turn, I think (my reaſons you've already had) I never had conſented. Well, Clariſſa, how ſtand thy affections to this gentleman? be free: for henceforth thy choice ſhall be thy own.

CLARISSA.

Why then freely, Madam, I chuſe him before all mankind.

TRUEMAN.

My lovely Clariſſa; how my heart bounds in raptures! O! Madam, Charlotte, Friendly,—O, could I impart ſome of the tranſporting joy, that I this moment feel, that you might faintly gueſs at my tranſcendent happineſs.

CHARLOTTE.

Joy to my Clariſſa; may'ſt thou live long to enjoy this happineſs.

Sir CHARLES.

How greatly I rejoice in the happineſs of all my friends. Trueman, bright as my proſpect is, without this large addition, I think, it would have much been clouded, (excuſe me my dear Charlotte)

lotte) thy conſent was all I wiſh'd, but now how much my joy is rais'd by ſeeing my friends happy.

CHARLOTTE.

Gen'rous man, how bleſt am I in ſuch a choice.

TRUEMAN.

Why then our utmoſt wiſhes are fulfill'd, what can we more deſire.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Nothing, my deareſt children and my friends.

Enter a Servant.

Mr. Caſhlove, Madam.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Let him come in. Pray take no notice of what has happen'd.

Sir CHARLES.

My Charlotte, give me leave to ſend for your woman.

CHARLOTTE.

If you pleaſe.

Enter CASHLOVE.

Your ſervant; I'm very ſorry for your loſs, Madam; I wiſh it was in my power to remedy it. But as people muſt mind the main chance, I hope my refuſing your daughter, will not be reckoned a crime, but the prudence that is requiſite to live in the world with.

TRUEMAN.

Patience!

Sir CHARLES.

Sir CHARLES.

Let him alone. I have a ſufficient mortification for him.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Make no apologies, Sir, you are free to follow your own inclinations; have you brought your accounts?

CASHLOVE.

I have, Madam. There was no ſuch preſſing haſte, I could have waited till to-morrow.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Mrs. Worthy.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Shew him into the parlour; I'll be with him preſently. Sir Charles and Mr. Trueman, be ſo good to examine both our accounts, and ſee if they agree.

CASHLOVE.

I dare ſay, you'll find they do: all but the laſt two hundred pounds I let you have.

Mrs. WORTHY.

'Tis ſtrange that ſhould not be paid!

CASHLOVE.

I hope you are convinc'd, Madam, I would not be guilty of charging you with that ſum, had I received it.

TRUEMAN.

Your account and his, Madam, are exact.

CASHLOVE.

I knew they would.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I'll go and examine the laſt letter I had from Leghorn. [*Exit Mrs. Worthy.*

CASHLOVE. [*aſide.*]

I know ſhe can have no account, for her letter was incloſed in mine. I am glad ſhe has not remov'd her furniture, I ſhan't mind her whining. If ſhe can't pay me the ſum, I have a perſon ready to ſeize it. Charity begins at home.

TRUEMAN.

It was to my man, Clariſſa, I owe this happineſs, I would have him here, to ſhare our joy.

CLARISSA, [*going to the Door.*]

I'll order him to be ſent for immediately.

TRUEMAN.

He has, Sir Charles, undergone all misfortunes with me, with uncommon fidelity. But I ſhall reward him as much as I have it in my power.

CHARLOTTE.

A faithful ſervant can't be too highly eſteem'd.

Enter Mrs. WORTHY.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I have been looking over my letters, Mr Caſhlove, but can find none, ſince my laſt draught.

CASHLOVE.

Upon my credit, Madam, I have had no return.

Mrs. WORTHY.

O Sir! Nobody doubts your honor and veracity. I have a gentleman in the next room, Sir, one Mr. Truſty, from Leghorn, perhaps you know him.

CASHLOVE. [*aſide*]

Truſty! (the devil) by my ſoul her very Clerk. Would I was out. I fear I'm blown. [*To Mrs. Worthy.*] Madam, I'll, I'll call in the morning, and—and—

Mrs. WORTHY.

Stay, Sir, accounts ſhall be ſettled to-night.

CASHLOVE.

Pray excuſe me, Madam, I'm oblig'd to be at home by ſeven, to meet—

Sir CHARLES.

What? your wife? Sir, to ſave you that trouble, I've ſent for her.

CLARISSA.

His wife! why is he——

Sir CHARLES.

You ſhall know preſently.

CASHLOVE.

Indeed it is an affair that's preſſing.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Sir, I inſiſt on clearing now. Truſty come in, [*enter Truſty*] now to ſhew you all the honeſty of this man. This Mr. Truſty is my clerk, and was left at Leghorn to look after my effects. Did you, Sir, know of the two hundred pounds I drew laſt?

TRUSTY.

Yes, Madam, and paid the money immediately into Mr Caſhlove's correſpondent's hands, and I am certain he wrote an account of it, for at the ſame time I incloſ'd one to you in his letter.

TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

And you receiv'd none, you ſay, Madam? nor you, Sir?

CASHLOVE.

On my credit no.——O how I tremble for the five thouſand pounds! [*aſide.*

TRUSTY.

All the money you have drawn of Mr Caſh-love, he ſhould have deliver'd without my re-paying it at Leghorn. For a fortnight before I ſail'd, he had goods of me to freight a ſhip of his with, to the amount of five thouſand three hun-dred pounds; as doubtleſs he has given you an account. As I had ſo much ready money by me, knowing Mr. Caſhlove's credit good, I thought it was doing ſervice to both.

Sir CHARLES. [*Caſhlove offering to go.*]

Hold, hold, Sir; we ſhall have ſomething elſe to ſay to you.

TRUEMAN.

Has this gentleman, who reſts ſo much upon his credit, ever inform'd you of this?

Mrs. WORTHY.

Never. Well, Sir, do you acknowledge that five thouſand and odd pounds?

CASHLOVE.

I do, Madam, and ſhould have accounted to you for it, if you had not interrupted me.

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Sir CHARLES.

What a villain! Why, he deſerves Tyburn more than a highway-man.

TRUEMAN.

And, my opinion is, he'll make his exit there.

TRUSTY.

I found, Madam, to-day a letter for me at my father's, from this gentleman's correſpondent, which informs me of his coming to England. We then may ſoon know the truth about your draught.

CASHLOVE.

Well then to end all further enquiry, I own I got the letter; but the——

TRUEMAN.

Villainy of your diſpoſition would have had it paid again. Well, Madam, what do you intend to do with this honeſt gentleman?

Mrs. WORTHY.

As he was always greatly reſpected by Mr Worthy, and by me till now. I cannot think of puniſhing him by law, his conſcience will in time do that for me, and the honeſt merchant's contempt of ſuch a man. But one thing, Sir, I muſt inſiſt on, that you quit England directly, otherwiſe my duty to my country will oblige me to proſecute.

CASHLOVE.

I will, Madam, with ten thouſand thanks.

Sir

Sir CHARLES.

And that you mayn't want a companion, Sir, here's a lady to attend you, that is, if ſhe chuſes it: otherwiſe I ſhall inſiſt on a ſeparate maintenance. Mrs. Caſhlove, Ladies. [*introduces Pinum.*

Enter Pinum, Faithful, and Briſk.

CHARLOTTE.

What my maid Pinum?

CASHLOVE.

Your maid? Pray, Madam, is not your name Charlotte.

Sir CHALRES.

No, Sir, this lady's name is Charlotte; and this was her maid; but is now your partner for life.

CASHLOVE.

Why then, I think, if ever man had cauſe for hanging himſelf, I have. Well, madam, are you for a voyage? or does your Abigailſhip prefer England to my company?

PINUM.

My dear, as I'm accuſtom'd to England, I fear another climate may not agree with my conſtitution.

CASHLOVE.

As all here preſent have been witneſſes to the opening of all my miſconduct, and have ſo favourably treated me: I will leave it to you to fix this lady's allowance; and I will depoſit the money in this gentleman's hands. [*to Sir Charles.*

Sir

Sir CHARLES.

Will you be ſatisfied, Madam, with two hundred pounds a year? I would have you enabled to live as Mr. Caſhlove's wife.

PINUM.

I am, Sir Charles.

Sir CHARLES.

And are you, Sir, willing to allow it?

CASHLOVE.

I agree.

Mrs. WORTHY.

There's a lawyer in this ſtreet; ſo pray, Truſty, ſee him draw ſecurities for my money, and for this lady's ſettlement. [*Exit Truſty, Caſhlove, and Pinum.*

CLARISSA.

Indeed, Sir Charles, this was a puniſhment I little expected. How came you acquainted with it?

Sir CHARLES.

I'll tell you another time.

TRUEMAN.

All buſineſs now, Madam, is happily ended, but what muſt join this amiable woman to me.

Mrs. WORTHY.

Determine that yourſelves, my children, my conſent attends your reſolution. What ſays Charlotte; ſhall the weddings be together.

Sir CHARLES.

'Tis what we are agreed on.

BRISK.

BRISK.

I hope, Sir, you'll give conſent that Faithful and I make the third couple.

TRUEMAN.

Are you in earneſt, Briſk?

BRISK.

Yes, Sir; our courtſhip is of a long ſtanding, before you left Oxford.

TRUEMAN.

My Clariſſa, what ſay you to them?

CLARISSA.

I wiſh them joy with all my heart. I hope you'll take care they have a ſufficiency without ſervice.

BRISK.

We give you thanks, but deſire to live no better than with you.

TRUEMAN.

Then ſtay with us, and when you chuſe another way of life, you ſhall not want my aſſiſtance to make you happy.

Mrs. WORTHY.

I hope you'll all oblige me by having the ceremony perform'd here. I ſhall inſiſt on keeping you together till the ceremony is over, and if poſſible, for ever.

TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

Soon, I hope, my houſe in the country will be ready to receive us. And I flatter myſelf, my dear Sir Charles and his Charlotte will not refuſe their company.

There we all bleſſings of this life ſhall prove,
A conſtant friendſhip, and a faithful love.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Laſt Act.

THE FOLLOWING

TRAGEDY

Is founded on a true Story:

THE author was in Gibraltar, when at day break, a ſmall Tartane, that had eſcaped from Tangier, was ſeen entering into the New Mole; which had on board the daughter of the Dey of Tangier, a Spaniſh lady who had been a captive, two Spaniſh gentlemen; and an Engliſhman who had been mate of a ſhip, that was loſt on the Coaſt of Calabria, and was paſſenger in a Neopolitan veſſel, bound to England, when he was taken and carried into Tangier. From him the author had this ſtory.——As we were on good terms with the Moors, the General (Hargrave) did not think it adviſeable to let them land, for in caſe they ſhould have been demanded by the Dey, he muſt either have given them up, or quarrelled with them, which was not to be done, as all ſupplies of freſh proviſion, fruit, &c. for the garriſon, were furniſhed from Barbary.—The Governor ſent to the Captain of a Dutch ſhip, then in the Bay, bound to Holland; whoſe humanity was ſo properly touched, (for the Dey's daughter had much treaſure with her) that he took them all on board, but the Engliſhman, and ſailed immediately.

Dramatis Perſonæ

RICARDO, } *Spaniards.*
EGMOND, }

MORRIS, *a Britton.*

MUSTAPHA, *Dey of Tangier.*

HASAN, *Son to Muſtapha.*

HALI, *a Friend to Haſan.*

ACMET, *Officer to Muſtapha.*

RAJEP.

ZANGER.

CAPTAIN.

LEONISA, *a Spaniſh Captive.*

HALYMA, *Daughter to Muſtapha.*

Several Spaniſh Captives.

SCENE—TANGIER.

THE GENEROUS MOOR.

ACT I.

SCENE,

The Ruins of the Chriſtian Church, at Tangier.

Enter Ricardo and Egmond.

EGMOND.

WITHIN the ruins of this ſacred dome
(By impious men now ſuffer'd to decay,)
We meet ſecure. And now relate; why thus
I find my friend a captive like myſelf.

RICARDO.

Egmond 'tis near nine months I've been a ſlave;
But, O! to tell thee all—'tis ſuch a tale
Of woe, 'twould wound thy heart to hear, what I
Have ſuffer'd. Daily I pray to heaven
To end this wretched being—but heav'n is deaf
To ev'ry pray'r of mine. Elſe wherefore am
I forc'd to drag this gauling chain of life.

Our Royal Maſter call'd me to Madrid;
I left my Leoniſa, and my child,
(I little thought for ever) at my bleſt
Retreat. She, the nurſe, and tender infant,
As airing on the terrace, that opens
To the ſea, were by a band of pirates
Seiz'd and forced into a bark, that lay
Conceal'd under th' impending rocks. Their cries
Alarm'd my people; who ſallied forth, but
E'er they reach'd the place, the villains launch'd from
Shore, and laugh'd at all their promiſes
And threats. A faithful ſervant mounted my
Fleeteſt horſe, and overtook me with the
Killing news! Diſtracted, wild, I haſten'd
To a neighb'ring port; and fortune fav'ring
Offer'd me a ſhip juſt ready for the ſea.
Fortune, my friend, propitious ſmil'd again.
I told my tale, and offer'd ſuch reward,
That every man appear'd tranſported:
The favouring wind blew freſhly from the ſhore,
And in a moment all our ſails were full.
Soon we ſaw the Moors (for ſuch theſe robbers
Were) and gain'd upon them faſt, and doubted
Not, but long e'er night to have them in our pow'r.
But at the moment we inſur'd ſucceſs,
Heaven (to finiſh what it had begun)
Daſh'd ev'ry hope at once, and fix'd me here
A living monument of woe, for time
To look upon! Excuſe theſe tears my friend!

EGMOND.

EGMOND.

My eyes will ſhew how much I ſympathize!
But what more terrible is yet to come?

RICARDO.

All at once the ſky was cover'd o'er with
Black; the wind began to roar; the ſea ten
Thouſand horrors ſhew'd, and fear of being
Swallow'd in the dark abyſs was ſeen in
Every ſailor's face; (O would to heav'n
We had, e'er I had ſeen what I was doom'd
To ſee) I (negligent of life or thoſe
About me) whilſt the heaving waves mounted
Our veſſel on their backs, ſtill bent my eyes
Upon the Mooriſh bark, which made its way
For ſhore; when O! my friend.—Imagine
All the reſt.

EGMOND.

Proceed and finiſh this ſad,
Afflictive tale!

RICARDO.

Oh! agonizing ſight!
I ſaw their veſſel daſh againſt a rock,
And on the inſtant ſunk. There, there my friend
I loſt my Leoniſa!—There I loſt
My child!

EGMOND.

Surely no tale was e'er ſo mournful!—
But let me pour the balm of friendſhip on
Thy bleeding heart; ſhare and aſſuage thy griefs,
And reconcile my friend to think on life!

RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Gen'rous Egmond—thy friendſhip could do much
In any other caſe, but here 'tis vain!
Hope and Leoniſa fled together.
Sure 'tis a torture of the damn'd, to think
Of joys departed, never to return!

EGMOND.

I'll fated friend! I fear indeed no hopes
Of them are left. But what befel you then?

RICARDO.

The furious ſtorm was over ſoon; and joy
In ev'ry eye but mine appeared: but O!
How tranſient was their gloom of bliſs! Three ſhips,
That bore the colours of thoſe curſed Moors,
Bore down faſt on us? What could we do
Againſt a force ſo far ſuperior to
Our own? Yet what we could we did: and ſold
Our liberty at no bloodleſs price. We,
O'er power'd by numbers, were forc'd to yield.
The few, their carnage ſpar'd, to Tangier
Brought. I was the purchaſe of a barbarous wretch,
That will not hear of ranſom, but treats me
With inſult. To night, by ſome enchantment
Sure, I had theſe cloths reſtored me, and leave
To mingle with my fellow chriſtians, to
Celebrate this our greateſt feſtival.

EGMOND.

O auſpicious night! Omen thrice happy!

That

That permiſſion, friend, was gain'd by one, that
Gladly would be join'd with worth like thine.
Ricardo, haſt thou no wiſhes for thy
Native land? Has Spain then not one bleſſing
You'd deſire to taſte. Surely revenge the
Spaniard's firm companion, is not extinct
Within your noble breaſt! If not, you'd pay
Back miſery with treble int'reſt on
The curſed race that heap'd affliction on you.

RICARDO.

Egmond! the thought of that buoys up my heart;
That elſe would founder in this ſea of trouble.
O! 'tis for that alone I live and bear
Theſe bonds. Grant me heaven but ſweet revenge,
O how glorioufly I'd die, could I but
See them plung'd in horrid damn'd deſtruction.
Open thy mind, my Egmond. If there are
Hopes of this, my heart, my hand, is ready.

EGMOND.

Friend, there are: and all is ripe for action;
This night is fix'd for liberty or death!
A choſen band of ten, (chriſtians all) with
Solemn vows are bound to ſeize a bark moor'd
At the eaſtern point, and fly for freedom,
Or bravely periſh in the bold attempt.

RICARDO.

Nobly reſolv'd. And but for thee and thoſe
Aſſociates, that wiſh for freedom, and their
Native home, I'd chuſe to die amongſt the
Groaning ſlaves!

EGMOND.

Baniſh thoſe thoughts the brave and
Perſevering are heaven's peculiar care;
Who now in ſecret works, for ought we know,
To make your future life a life of joy.

RICARDO.

O! Impoſſible—But of that no more.
Here I ſwear by heaven, to undertake
Whate'er you have reſolv'd. And, Egmond, when
I flag in the purſuit of brave revenge,
Let me be blaſted with a coward's name
On earth, and curſt hereafter. You ſaid our
Leave to meet to-night was gain'd by one you
Honour. Who is he?

EGMOND.

A Moor!

RICARDO.

Ah! a Moor?

EGMOND.

My friend, he is by birth: but in his heart
Confirm'd a Chriſtian.——Start not, Ricardo;
He'll prove faithful and firm as thou or I.

RICARDO.

Be cautious, friend, nor truſt a villain Moor!
I ſpeak not for myſelf.—If death but come,
Indifferent to me, from what hand it comes.
Say what can urge a Moor to join in
Such an enterprize? Is't not ſome helliſh
Plot he's laid to make our chains more galling?

EGMOND.

EGMOND.

Ricardo, no. He is truly noble.
His tale's too long to tell; let it ſuffice,
He's ſon to him I'm forc'd to call my Lord.
He, when an infant, was with his mother,
Taken and carried into Spain; and his
Patron, having no children of his own,
Adopted him his ſon and brought him up
A Chriſtian. Five years ago the Moors
Retook him, and, challeng'd by his father,
He's now rever'd and ſecond in Tangier.

RICARDO.

Egmond, if loſt ſo young, how was he known?

EGMOND.

On his nether lip his mother mark'd him with
A damaſk roſe. 'Tis he has form'd this plan
For our eſcape, prompted thereto by love,
And his religion.——A beauteous captive
Maid, companion to his ſiſter, has won
His heart; as that ſiſter, Oh! my friend has
Mine. A maid, Ricardo, fraught with ev'ry
Charm, to grace the circle of our royal
Court. Theſe two lovely maids, my friend, will be
Companions of our flight; nor doubt ſucceſs,
Since love and liberty excite.——Within
An hour we meet. This ruin'd church the place,
(Whoſe privacy precludes ſuſpicion)
To receive our friends and fix our counſels.

RICARDO.

All ſhould be inform'd of my admiſſion,
Leſt diſtruſt upon a ſtranger's ſudden
View, ſhould diſcompoſe your undertaking.

EGMOND.

I'll introduce you to them all, as one
Brave and reſolv'd to ſhare the common fate,
And as a ſoldier to command the band.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.——MUSTAPHA's HOUSE.

Muſtapha and Haſan.

MUSTAPHA.

Curſes on the boy!—Can nothing but the
Praiſe of hated Chriſtians be thy ſubject?
I tell thee, if thou wilt be ſon of mine,
Kneel, hourly kneel, and damn their cruel race.
They were thoſe, O torture to my mem'ry!
That tore thy beauteous mother from my arms.

HASAN.

True, Sir, we fell into the Chriſtians hands,
Who treated us with gentleneſs and truth.
She found a friend and I a father there:

MUSTAPHA.

Gentleneſs! Thou fool; 'twas love—the heav'nly
Grandeur of thy mother's form humaniſ'd
His ſoul—a Spaniard gen'rous?—boy, 'tis falſe,
As are the tales told by their lying prieſts

Of

Of moſt prepoſt'rous miracles. But love
And int'reſt can change a Spaniard's nature.

HASAN.

Love, my father? You wrong both him and her.

MUSTAPHA.

Not love?—Why, Haſan, when the ranſom went
For her releaſe, did he not detain her?

HASAN.

He did not, Sir, 'twas her deſire, her choice.

MUSTAPHA.

Wherefore ſhould ſhe chuſe it? Could Spain afford
One joy to her, that Barbary does not yield?
Liv'd ſhe not in ſplendour, the only wife
Of Muſtapha? A name the greateſt here.

HASAN.

You know her born a chriſtian, Sir—and tho'
Kept here, in grandeur kept, yet ſtill ſhe pin'd
And long'd for Spain—to ſhut herſelf within
The cloiſters ſacred walls, was all her wiſh:
To dedicate the remnant of her life
To heav'n, her ſole ambition and deſire.
This and not love's the cauſe ſhe'd ne'er return.

MUSTAPHA.

'Twas treachery and damn'd ingratitude.
She I had warm'd and nouriſh'd in my boſom—
She, whom I rais'd from abject ſlavery
To ſhare my bed alone—ſhe that falſe one;
If you don't belie her; ſhe, to quit me
For religion—woman's religion—baſe
Hypocrite!—But for her ſake, mercy for
Chriſtians

Chriſtians ſhall never touch my heart.
The dogs ſhall ſtill be ſlaves—the women here
I'll make ſubſervient to my appetite.
Haſan, order your ſiſter to me in the garden:
Then go to Laura—tell her, boy, my heart
Will brook delay no longer—this night ſhe
Shall comply and crown my ardent flame: or
Force ſhall bring her to my impatient arms.

HASAN.

O! Sir, conſider, time may ſoften her.

MUSTAPHA.

Away, thou fool—not Mahomet himſelf
Should he deſcend to earth, ſhould thwart my will.

Enter a Slave.

SLAVE.

Achmet, my Lord, deſires immediate ſpeech.

MUSTAPHA.

Shew him to the hall, I'll ſtrait attend him——
Haſan, bid her prepare; within an hour
I'll ſee her.

HASAN.

O! Sir, allow the tender
Maid ſome time for thought—your goodneſs then will
Charm her virgin heart, and doubly pay you
For this ſhort delay—think on the bliſs, Sir——

MUSTAPHA.

Haſan, be gone—and do as I command.
I, like our prophet, ſcorn to wait, or pray;
But force, if love won't do, ſhall make my ſlaves obey. [*exeunt.*

End of Act the Firſt.

ACT II.

SCENE.—MUSTAPHA's HOUSE.

Haſan and Laura.

HASAN.

LAURA, be not alarm'd—all ſhall be well;
I'll find a place thy perſon to protect,
Sacred as the dark receſs of hermits.
'Tis now near nine, the hour I meet our friends,
Who part no more, till ſafety crown our hopes.
But e'er I go, will not my lovely maid
Indulge her Haſan with one tender word?
One kind aſſurance of her being his?

LAURA.

Gen'rous Haſan! let not one thought of me
Intrude upon thy mind.—This is no time
To talk of love, when dangers horrid wing
Their way to us—and this the eve of death!

HASAN.

Can I behold thee, and not talk of love?
With equal eaſe perſuade the drowning wretch
To quit his hold—The dying ſaint not to
Addreſs his God. O Laura give me hope,

Or

Or I ſhall blaſt our well concerted ſcheme,
And ruin all by daſtard cowardice.

LAURA.

Alas! thou generous youth. Pity and
Eſteem, is all that Laura can beſtow.
I've often told you that I am another's——
Our hearts are join'd—our mutual faith is pledg'd.

HASAN.

Thrice happy Spaniard—thrice wretched Haſan.

LAURA.

Let higher thoughts poſſeſs thy noble mind:
Thoughts worthy of a Chriſtian. O! Haſan,
Our holy church ſhall be thy ſpotleſs ſpouſe.
The rapt'rous joys that ſhe'll inſpire thee with,
Nor tongue can tell, nor thought of man conceive!
She will aſſuage each grief and eaſe each care.

HASAN.

Divine inſtructreſs—O thou heavenly ſaint—
If fate has ſnapt this happy rival's thread,
Permit me then to offer up my vows.

LAURA.

I cannot promiſe, what for worlds I would
Not wiſh. Thy ſiſter Halyma, knows each
Circumſtance of my unhappy life. When
Heaven, if heaven will grant, has landed
Us in Spain, you then ſhall judge yourſelf, what's
Fit, Haſan, for you to aſk, and me to give.

HASAN.

O! Laura, tho' thou art unkind, ſtill art
Thou dear unto my ſoul—And ſtill I love.—

Our

Our friends by this expect me. Halyma,
When ſhe quits my father, will join you in
The green alcove, that fronts the weſtern ſea.
Stand prepar'd; e'er twelve the moon will down, the
Signal, for our ſallying forth from yon
Small wicket that opens toward the beach.

[*Exit Laura.*

Enter Halyma.

HALYMA.

Brother are you all prepar'd. 'Tis now the
Very criſis of our fate! I tremble
For th' event. This moment I parted from
Our father. Something fatal labours in
His breaſt, that bodes deſtruction to us all.
Achmet has brought intelligence, that ſtirs
Him: The guards are order'd to be doubled;
The Chriſtian ſlaves to be moſt ſtrictly watch'd.

HASAN.

I ſaw that prying villain with inſidious
Eye, watching each motion of the Chriſtians—
But let not fear anticipate our fate:
As yet, I doubt not, we are unſuſpected.
Sure th' unerring hand of heaven guides and
Protects us. Siſter, is thy beating heart
On leaving thy father, Hali, and thy
Native ſoil, more tranquil than it was?

HALYMA.

I am reſign'd to what th' Almighty
Shall decree—Hali is noble—gen'rous—
Brave and wiſe, but yet our hearts were never

Meant to pair—Egmond, in thy ſuperior
Mind I trace, what ever's great and good in
Human kind—to thee I dedicate my love!
But O! my father—my aching heart will
Break—I went with all the winning looks of
Innocence and love to get a laſt, laſt
Bleſſing from his venerable lips, e'er
I went for ever, from my native home!
O! Haſan—inſtead of benediction,
Rage ſhook his lips, and anger fir'd his eyes!
He call'd me diſobedient, ſtubborn and
Ungrateful—and by his prophet ſwore, that
To-morrow's ſun ſhould give me to Hali;
Or Halyma ſhould be no more his daughter.
He dropt ſome dreadful threats that Laura ſhould
This night be forc'd—then drove me from his ſight.

HASAN.

Calm thy troubled heart, and haſte to Laura.
Be on the watch at th' appointed place. May
Heav'n hear our prayers, and guide us ſafe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE——A GARDEN.

Enter Ricardo and Egmond.

EGMOND.

Under the ſhade of this wide ſpreading tree
You'll ſtand conceal'd, till my return—I go
To meet our friends; who with impatience wait:
If you're obſerv'd, demand to ſpeak to me.

[*exit Egmond.*

RICARDO.

The moon's pale luſtre, glimm'ring on the deep,
That rolls its briny ſurges to the ſhore—
The hollow murm'ring of the cave-worn-rocks,
All add a pleaſing horror to the night,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul—
O thou inexorable deep, that art
The grave of Leoniſa and my child.
Oh! waft their bodies to ſome chriſtian land—
And O bright ſaint! look down, with pity look
Upon thy wretched huſband—hover round
Me on thy angel-wings—prepare to meet
My fleeting ſpirit, that hopes this night to
Mingle with thy own—O joy—O extacy—
O bliſs unutterable—for ever
To dwell with my wife——my Leoniſa!

Enter LAURA.

Ah!—Who can call on Leoniſa here?

RICARDO.

Ye heavenly hoſt—protect and ſave me—
Thou dear illuſion! com'ſt thou propitious
To Ricardo's call—O take me!—bear me
With thee to thy bleſt abode.—O, leave me,
Not behind!——

LAURA.

Shield me thou holy virgin——*(faints)*

RICARDO.

O ſtay thou air-drawn model!——inform me
Why thou com'ſt—I conjure thee anſwer me——
O ſhe ſinks!—ſhe vaniſhes away!—what,

On the ground?—gracious heaven!—ſhe's warm
and lives!
My love—my life—thou idol of my ſoul——
My Leoniſa—look up and bleſs me.
'Tis thy Ricardo—'tis thy huſband calls——

LAURA.

Ah! my huſband—O! no, it cannot be——
All powerful God! preſerve my ſenſes——
But ſay—who art thou that do'ſt aſſume the
Voice and manner of my dear Ricardo!

RICARDO.

'Tis thy Ricardo's ſelf, my love!——O riſe,
And let me claſp thee to my longing arms!

LAURA.

'Tis—it is my huſband—my lord—my life——
O take me to thy heart—there let me pour
Forth my ſoul into thy faithful boſom——
O my Ricardo!—Is it poſſible?
Do I embrace thee?

RICARDO.

Excelling ſweetneſs,
Thus—thus I'll anſwer thee—Leoniſa—
I'm giddy with my joy.—Surely I dream!
Heav'n has wrought a miracle to bleſs me!

LAURA.

A miracle indeed!---O pow'r divine!---[*kneels.*
Unſearchable thy ways to human ken,
To ſave and comfort thoſe who truſt in thee.

RICARDO, *kneeling.*

With thee, my love, I join in fervent pray'r,
Accept

Accept, O God, the rev'rence of our hearts!
We on our knees thus thank thee for thy love.—
Thou angel of a woman! heaven has
Heard our prayers—and this our great reward!
But ſay, my life—my Leoniſa—How
Did'ſt thou eſcape that deſtructive tempeſt?
I ſaw the veſſel ſplit, and as I thought
Th' inexorable waves ingulf you all!
How art thou here alive? How aft thou ſafe?

LAURA.

O then the bodings of my heart were true!
Gracious heaven! The ſhip that gain'd ſo faſt
Upon us, contain'd my dear Ricardo.

RICARDO.

It did, my love—But how did'ſt thou eſcape?

LAURA.

Think, what I ſuffer'd at that dreadful hour!
The hope of liberty and thee began
To dawn upon my ſoul—When alas! one
Loud and general groan aſſail'd my ears!
And in a moment our ill-fated ſhip
Was ſund'red in a thouſand parts.—O'erwhelm'd
We ſunk: Struggling for life, for one laſt look
Towards thee, I roſe---When, heaven directing,
A floating plank I ſeiz'd with eager graſp,
Which bore me till the hurricane was o'er.

RICARDO.

Alas! my poor ſuffering Leoniſa!

LAURA.

A fiſherman who'd ſeen the wreck from ſhore,

Put

Put off, and ſav'd me juſt expiring. But,
O my dear Ricardo, our Anthony,
Smiling ſunk down, and never roſe again!

RICARDO.

I fear'd it Leoniſa, and therefore
Durſt not aſk thee. Farewell bleſt cherub! Proceed
My love, I long, but dread, to know the ſequel.

LAURA.

Tho' poor the man into whoſe hands I fell,
Yet great humanity poſſeſs'd his ſoul.——
He bore me to his hut, and treated me
With tenderneſs and care.—Scarce recover'd,
The Dey acquainted with my fate, forc'd me
To quit this hoſpitable roof, and claim'd
Me as his prize——Plac'd me attendant on
His lovely daughter, whoſe virtuous friendſhip
Has charm'd away the rigour of my chains.

RICARDO.

But how haſt thou been treated? ſay, he dar'd
Not ſure attempt a virtue pure as thine?

LAURA.

Let no ſuch thought alarm thee. For know my
Huſband, thy Leoniſa had a ſoul
Could not ſurvive the ſmalleſt inſult on
Her honour---and ſee I go prepar'd, and
Arm'd againſt his force. [*ſhewing a dagger.*

RICARDO.

I do not doubt your
Truth---your conſtancy---your love. His brutal
Pow'r I fear'd. But heaven, who has preſerv'd
[illegible]ſe and innocence, this night will end
Thy

Thy cares. A plot is form'd, and now I doubt
Not the ſucceſs. When yon bright orb ſhall ceaſe
To dart his beams on this deteſted ſhore,
We ſeize that anchor'd bark and make for Spain.

LAURA.

I am prepar'd, my lord- -and privy to each
Scheme you've plann'd, from the firſt ſtarting of the
Great deſign, to this approaching hour of
Execution. But hark, ſome one advances——

Enter Egmond.

RICARDO.

Egmond!

EGMOND.

The ſame my friend——who haſt thou there?

RICARDO.

The wonder-working hand of heaven, has ſav'd
My Leoniſa!

EGMOND.

Ah! Leoniſa?
How came ſhe here?——wonder and amazement!
What is Laura then, thy Leoniſa!

LAURA.

And is Antonio Egmond? Whoſe loſs my
Huſband has a thouſand times deplor'd!

EGMOND.

Thus heaven rewards the good and virtuous!
And ſends thee harbinger of our ſucceſs,
As the bright morning ſtar precedes the golden
Sun!—joy to you both, my friends—may the
happineſs
You merit, crown your love, and make you bleſt!

RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Amen, amen, to that, ye gracious pow'rs!
Thanks to my Egmond, may thy pray'r be heard.
The good man's pray'rs are ever heard in heav'n!

EGMOND.

Our brave allies are met and now expect
Us---we muſt away Ricardo---but I
Conjure you, friend, let not the ſlighteſt word
Of what has paſs'd to night eſcape thy tongue---
For that may ruin all---be on thy guard
That whatſoe'er thou hear'ſt, that's galling to
Thy ſoul, ſuppreſs, at this important hour.

RICARDO.

What doſt thou mean---Why, am I doubted then?

EGMOND.

You are not doubted---I'll tell you all my
Reaſons as we go——Halyma waits you,
Madam, in the green alcove--the ſignal
Given, be ready to embark---my friend,
Support and comfort this thy charge---for e'er
The morning ſun ſhall gild yon mountain top
All danger will be paſt.

LAURA.

Parted again!
Surely we ſhall meet, never more to part!

RICARDO.

Fear not my love---and all theſe dangers that
Surround us now, will in our future hours
Of recollection, inhance our joys as
We recount our troubles paſt, and wonder
How we bore them!

LEONISA.

LEONISA.

Pray heav'n we may---O my
Ricardo---be cautious of thy life——let
Not thy dauntleſs courage lead thee too far
In danger——remember Leoniſa
Lives but in Ricardo!

RICARDO.

Leoniſa——
O! What a precious motive to wiſh for life!
I'll guard it as a jewel dear to thee,
Doubly above its worth.

EGMOND.

Come 'tis dang'rous
Longer to confer!

LAURA.

Farewell, and heaven bleſs
And proſper your deſigns!

RICARDO.

Farewell, farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

End of Act the Second.

ACT III.

SCENE——A GARDEN.

Achmet and Hali.

ACHMET.

HALI, I like not lenity to ſlaves.
Are they not our property. Our beaſts for
Burthen? Do we not purchaſe them with blood?
Or what's as precious, money? Why ſhould they
Abſtain from work then, and yet expect to
Eat? Their prophet's feſtival! A meer pretence
To gratify their droniſh idleneſs.

HALI.

Conſider, Achmet, tho' our ſlaves, they're men,
As ſuch let's treat them——one night in the
Revolving year, to celebrate the ſacred
Rites and myſt'ries of their faith, is but ſmall
Reward for all their toil——mine enjoy much
More---I'm bound in gratitude, to make their
Chains ſit eaſy.

ACHMET.

What obligations can
You have to Chriſtians?

HALI.

HALI.

Once as from Algiers
Bound to Sallee, I fell into the hands
Of Chriſtians. The Captain was a Briton.
We all expected bonds, and everlaſting
Slavery---what could we elſe? But mark---this
Gen'rous man——he ſoon reviv'd our hearts.
For mildly thus, the god-like Captain ſpoke.
Britons, who enjoy the ſweets of glorious
Liberty, would not debar mankind the
Equal bleſſing---merchants you ſeem, (a name
Thrice honoured in our trading land) not
Pyrates---therefore you all are free——but if
Hereafter any chriſtian falls into
Your hands, remember this---depart in peace.

ACHMET.

What——and ſo diſmiſs'd you?

HALI.

Achmet, they did.

ACHMET.

You call them gen'rous---I call them fools.
Thoſe iſland dogs are fam'd for pitiful
Humanity --and where is their reward?
Dup'd and deſpis'd on earth---what is their hope
Hereafter?---why let their prophet ſave them---
My ſlaves are Spaniards, Hali.---Curſe on their
Race! They now enjoy thoſe happy plains which
Our forefathers long poſſeſs'd——a people
Whoſe breaſts, juſtice or mercy never felt——
And mine is ſteel'd like theirs——and if I catch

Them tripping, by Mahomet I ſwear——(at
Whoſe awful name I humbly bend) they all
Shall ſuffer---under religion's cloak, they
Meet to night---perhaps to maſſacre their
Lords and maſters, I know them treacherous,
Baſe, bloody, cruel——but, Hali, I will
Watch them well; I have ſpies upon them now.

HALI.

Do not raſhly interrupt their holy
Ceremony on groundleſs fears——to night
They dedicate to pray'r; to-morrow they
Return to work; to-morrow——fly! fly ye
Hours, and ope the eaſtern gate of heaven——
And bring my Halyma in all the bloom
Of youth and beauty to bleſs my arms——then
Gallop apace. And let yon ſilver moon
Illume the face of Ebon-ſcepter'd night!

ACHMET.

See there the folly of unbridled youth——
They wiſh for things impoſſible——for time
To be annihilated; for faith in
Woman---e'er I would whine and ſigh for them,
I'd change my form, with any beaſt, that roves
Our ſpacious deſarts——wherefore ſhould they be
Sought with tears and flattery? Are they not
Hali, made ſubſervient to our nod?

HALI.

Tho' in this cuſtom bred, I muſt abhor
It.——What treat the nobleſt work of heaven,
As not with human ſouls endow'd.——I tell
Thee,

Thee, Achmet, their lovely forms with ſo much
Elegance and beauty grac'd, were fram'd to
Humanize our ruder ſex, and ſoften
Us to manhood.——By heaven! I think the
Place, that holds her, ſacred——and I enter
With ſuch devotion, as holy pilgrims
Mecca, when they viſit our Prophet's tomb.

ACHMET.

They're gew gaws, Hali, for one idle hour
Of dalliance, then thrown aſide and chang'd
For others. Our holy Mahomet, (whom
Error ne'er miſguided,) amongſt his firſt
Of Laws, adopted this——To take---enjoy---
And to diſcard at pleaſure. But thou would'ſt
Change his tenets——alter his decrees——and
Think'ſt to find felicity in one.——I
Tell thee, Hali, 'tis childiſh and abſurd!

HALI.

Achmet, the cuſtom that you plead is vile——
Look round and ſee its dire effects. Inſtead
Of mutual love, and conjugal delight,
Which ſhould attend the union of the hearts.
Diſtruſt and jealouſy prey on your minds,
And blaſt your joys.

ACHMET.

Theſe maxims Chriſtians hold.

HALI.

I'll follow them in theſe.

Enter Muſtapha.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Welcome my ſon!
As ſuch, my Hali, I eſteem you now.

HALI.

Then I am bleſt, if Halyma conſents——

MUSTAPHA.

She ſhall conſent—and Laura ſhall conſent—
To-night's the utmoſt that we'll wait. They muſt
They ſhall be our's to-morrow. Achmet, I've
Follow'd your advice---the guards are doubled---
Tho' I can't think the ſlaves will dare to riſe,
Yet caution's always right. Let us move hence.
[*Exeunt.*

The back Scene opens, and ſhews the ruin'd Church.

Morris, and ſeven other Chriſtian ſlaves.

FIRST SLAVE.

Sure 'tis the time that Egmond fix'd to meet.

SECOND SLAVE.

The hour is paſt——I fear we are betray'd.

MORRIS.

I fear it not——I came prepar'd for death,
Or liberty——Either I'll willingly
Embrace. Death, my friends, has not thoſe terrors
To a free-born mind, as abject ſlav'ry.

SECOND SLAVE.

No more than you I fear to die, but yet
Would wiſh to live. The hour appointed when

We

We were to receive our arms and final
Orders from our leaders, paſt, caus'd that doubt.

MORRIS.

The brave can never dread——They boldly meet
Their fate. Remember why we've met, and let
Fear, that inmate of a coward, be baniſh'd
From our thoughts. Let us reſolve, that if the
Worſt ſhould happen, not to quit each other.

THIRD SLAVE.

Come let us ſwear——no wiles, no promiſes
Of pardon, ſhall draw us from this temple,
Should we be diſcover'd——But fighting ſide
By ſide, as fellow Chriſtians, fall and die.

All the Slaves.

We ſwear!

FIRST SLAVE.

Now let's embrace and bravely meet
Our doom. Hark! along the winding paſſage,
Methinks I hear the ſteps of haſty feet.

MORRIS.

Be on your guard. But let not fear betray
Us——Who's there.

Enter Egmond and Ricardo.

EGMOND.

'Tis Egmond.

SECOND SLAVE.

We thought you long.

EGMOND.

I've been detain'd beyond my time, but all
Is ſafe. Heaven who doubtleſs favours our
Deſigns,

Deſigns, has ſent this man———

THIRD SLAVE.

What? Who is he?

EGMOND.

My friend, my truſty valiant friend. One who
Has felt ſuperior woes to our's. One that——

RICARDO.

My Chriſtian brethren, let not diſtruſt, nor
Fear diſturb you———With open confidence
Receive me in your band, take me to your
Confidence, ſwear me to your purpoſe, I'm
Firmly reſolv'd to ſhare with you in all
The dangers of this great important hour.

MORRIS.

No more, no more——you are friend to Egmond.
That ſpeaks your worth, and ſeals you to our cauſe.

EGMOND.

I thank you, my life ſhall anſwer for him.

MORRIS.

But we are ſtill unarm'd; where is Haſan?

EGMOND.

The weapons are prepar'd, and Haſan ſtraight
Will bring them. Hark, he now approaches.

Enter Haſan.

HASAN.

Let not my ſtay alarm you, friends; I found
My father, as I croſs'd the garden, in
Conference with ſome Moors; I watch'd them to
The houſe, and flew to join you; now each man
Take a ſword---'Tis all I could procure you.

EGMOND.

EGMOND.

'Tis well, my friends—you all ſeem pleas'd now arm'd.

SECOND SLAVE.

We are, brave Egmond—and long to plunge them
In theſe monſters hearts!

MORRIS.

Let mercy guide our
Arms—if we are oppos'd, let's ſell our lives
As dearly as we may—but if we can
Eſcape without a wound, curſes on their
Cruel hands, that ſtain their ſwords with ſleeping blood——

EGMOND.

Noble Morris—there ſpoke the genius of
Thy warlike iſle—brave and impetuous,
When ſpurr'd up to action—but when you conquer,
The angel pity, ſtops your hands, and melts
Your generous hearts—friends, remember we are
Chriſtians—nor raſhly do a deed, a Moor
Would bluſh at—Haſan, the guidance of this
Night is left to you alone.

HASAN.

Within an
Hour, Lopez, Carlos, Perez and Garcia,
We'll ſally forth through a ſmall poſtern that
Opens to the beach and gain the bark—when
That's ſecur'd, I'll inſtantly return, and

Lead you on---to you, Egmond, I commit
Halyma, and my Laura ——

RICARDO.

His Laura!

HASAN.

Who is he that echo'd, Laura?

RICARDO.

Why 'twas I!

HASAN.

Who art thou?

EGMOND.

Have patience both — Ricardo
Thou'lt undo us. (aſide) I'll tell you all---this man
Whom providence directed to our aid
To night, is near related to Laura.
From infancy, a more than common love
Inform'd their ſouls-- judge then what torture he
Endur'd, when told her fate, diſtracted, wild
With grief and rage, with a few friends, in haſte
Aſſembled, he follow'd---ſaw her ſink, and
Was himſelf enſlav'd. I have told him of
His ſiſter's ſafety, and the name ſhe's call'd.
Embrace my worthy friends, and till better
Times, forbear, nor talk upon this ſubject.

HASAN.

My brother! (embracing) as ſuch I muſt ſalute you.
Sure this meeting is a ſweet preſage to
My dawning hope——you will be a zealous
Advocate

Advocate with Laura. And plead my cauſe
With her.

EGMOND.

No more—remember time is precious.

HASAN.

Egmond and you, ſhall be the women's guard—
You Morris and the other three, muſt here
Attend, to wait our orders.——As toward
The veſſel we deſcend, let not a word,
A whiſper 'ſcape your lips—I'll lead the way;
And follow cloſe my ſteps——if by ill fate
We're deſtin'd to diſcovery —— remember
Friends, that Moors can never pardon. Let's die
Like men, long ſtudied in death's bittereſt
Leſſon, and meet our fate prepar'd; nor live
For racks, impalements, ſlow conſuming fires,
Severing horſes, and all the train of
Helliſh engines they'll contrive to make us
Suffer. Speak, my friends, are you all reſolv'd.

ALL.

We are.

HASAN.

Then let us all embrace, and here
Vowing, in the ſacred name of heaven,
To be true and faithful to each other.

ALL.

By heaven we ſwear, we'll live and die together.

HASAN.

Egmond, I'll to the palace; ſee if all
Be quiet——Be you at hand to guide the
Women, and help me with my treaſure. Friends,
Expect me ſoon, and be prepar'd to ſail.

[*Exeunt.*

End of Act the Third.

ACT.

ACT IV.

MUSTAPHA's HOUSE.

Halyma and Laura.

HALYMA.

THE holy virgin, (whom thou haſt taught me
To adore) approves thy pious zeal, and
Hears thy pray'r. 'Tis ſhe has ſent thy huſband
To bleſs thy ſight---to calm thy fears---and to
Support thee in this awful ſcene.

LAURA.

Yet my
Halyma, you can't conceive how much my
Dread is heighten'd, by his dear, his wiſh'd for
Preſence. Should he fall——what will be life and
Liberty to me!

HALYMA.

Suppreſs theſe fears, and
Dry thy tearful eyes.——Should my father now
Surpriſe you thus, he'd think 'twas hate to him
Occaſion'd this——'twould drive him to commit
Some

Some dreadful deed. O think if you ſhould plant
Suſpicion in his breaſt, 'twould blaſt our hopes
And ruin us for ever.—Has not your
Friend as much to fear as you? On Egmond's
Fate depends my own. Hide then your grief, as
Miſers do their gold.

LAURA.

Heroic maid—By
Thy example taught, I'll hide, at leaſt I'll
Strive to hide my terrors, and I'll wear a
Chearful face—an hour's ſuſpence is all we
Have to ſuffer—after that 'twill all be
Certainty—our heroes now are met, and
Fix their laſt reſolves—O guide us ſafe, thou
Pow'r ſupreme!—That grateful I may offer
Up my thanks, my praiſes at thine altar,
And introduce this virgin proſelyte
Into the boſom of our holy church.

HALYMA.

Amen! my heav'nly inſpir'd teacher—Oh!
What recompence can I return for ſuch
Unbounded favours—my happineſs on
Earth, and all my hopes hereafter, I owe
To thee—what ſhall I ſay—how teſtify
The fulneſs of my ſoul—by what dear
Tender name, ſhall I addreſs you?

LAURA.

Call me ſiſter, or more than ſiſter, friend.

HALYMA.

HALYMA.

O my Leoniſa——I had once a
Secret joy, in meditating on a
Siſter's name——but heaven has otherwiſe
Ordain'd, and Haſan muſt be wretched now.
O friend! How will he ſupport the killing
News——I know his inmoſt ſoul——it will nip
His bloom of life and drive him to deſpair.

LAURA.

Think not ſo, my Halyma——our holy
Prieſts, inſpir'd from above, in words divine,
Will pour the balm of comfort on his ſoul,
Aſſuage his griefs, and heal his ev'ry care.

Enter Muſtapha.

MUSTAPHA.

Ah! ſhe's here, I thank thee, prophet, this ſpot
Was deſtin'd for my triumph——now my blood
Tumultuous ruſhes thro' my veins! why ſhould
I wait for her conſent——I'll ſnatch this bright
Occaſion, and force her trembling to my
Will—the hour, the place remote, conſpire to
Crown my joys, nor tears nor pray'rs ſhall move me.
Haſan loves her too, I ſaw it in his
Looks——that's another ſpur to urge me on!
Love, revenge, and jealouſy, will ſteel my
Heart againſt the powerful eloquence of
Her muſic-breathing voice, and awful look!
Halyma, leave us——I would confer with
Laura here alone——to your chamber, and

Expect

Expect me ſoon; I'll ſee you e'er I go
To reſt.

HALYMA.

I obey, Sir——alas! my friend.

[*Exit Halyma.*

LAURA.

Your leave, Sir, I would attend your daughter.

MUSTAPHA.

I'd have you ſtay, I've matters to impart
Require immediate anſwer—— my ſon has
Told you that to night I am reſolv'd to——

LAURA.

Why will you perſevere, O Sir, I have
A thouſand times repeated, that I am
Another's by ties divine and human!

MUSTAPHA.

Another's, what Haſan's? thou hypocrite——
Laura, be warn'd, for by my ſoul I ſwear
My ſon ſhall periſh in your ſight, if you
Perſiſt to thwart me.

LAURA.

You wrong me, Sir——my
Vows are plighted to a Chriſtian——Haſan:
Nor you can e'er be mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Ha! doſt thou ſcreen
Him then, and dar'ſt to brave me to my face?
'Tis well, too long my bliſs I have deferr'd;
Now prepare to meet me, inſtant in my
Chamber.

Chamber. Or by Mecca! I'll ſend my ſlaves
To drag you there.

LAURA.

Your ſon——I vow I never will be his!

MUSTAPHA.

'Tis falſe, but I'll prevent your ſchemes, this hour
You ſhall be mine, your prophet ſaves you not!

LAURA.

Have mercy——defer it till to-morrow!

MUSTAPHA.

To night, by Mahomet I have ſworn this night
To revel in your arms——therefore prepare
Nor waſte your precious moments!

LAURA.

Thus kneeling
At your feet, mercy I crave, have pity——

MUSTAPHA.

Away, thou plead'ſt in vain, as well thou might'ſt
Attempt to change the courſe of nature——to
Turn yon current that conſtant runs from the
Atlantic to our Eaſtern ſea——now will
I reap a golden harveſt——therefore, my
Love, comply, and meet my joys, nor daſh my
Hopes with tears and cold reluctance!

LAURA.

Heavens
Is there no pitying ſaint, nor man, to
Help me——O Ricardo, where art thou now!

MUSTAPHA.

There is none can help you, yield thou freely
To my arms, and let perdition catch
Me, but thou ſhalt rule, unrival'd rule, my
Princely fortune, and myſelf!

LAURA.

Allow me
Till to-morrow, Sir—and heaven's my witneſs,
If you ſhall aſk me then, I'll not refuſe!

MUSTAPHA.

No, not a moment's truce will I allow—
Provoke not thou my rage, leſt force be us'd—
Come to my arms.

LAURA.

Not whilſt I've life——I'll die
E'er I will yield.

MUSTAPHA.

Ha! haſt thou reflected
Well on death—woman 'tis to be no more.

LAURA.

Life I hold dear, but honour dearer far!
Therefore unhand me, Sir——I am a wife!
A Chriſtian's wife—nor dare to tempt me more!

MUSTAPHA.

Nay then—talking adieu—force ſhall be us'd.

LAURA.

O help me, my Ricardo—Egmond help!
Haſan!

MUSTAPHA.

'Tis vain, thy cries avail thee not.

LAURA.

LAURA.

O kill me—be merciful, and kill me!

MUSTAPHA.

This is no time to die.

LAURA.

Then heaven guide——

[*ſhe draws a dagger and ſtabs Muſtapha.*

And pardon me this blow!

MUSTAPHA.

O I am kill'd!

LAURA.

O my gracious God! protect and guard me.

[*exit Laura.*

MUSTAPHA.

What, oh! Haſan—Halyma—Slaves, help! I
Am murder'd—O none can hear me—I ſhall
Bleed to death for want of help—perdition
Seize the ſex—and me for doating thus—fool
That I was—I ſhan't live to curſe the fiend.

[*exit Muſtapha.*

Enter Halyma and Haſan.

HALYMA.

I dread the interview—my father ſeem'd
To have a fierceneſs in his looks, I had
Never ſeen before.

HASAN.

I fear it more than
You—to night he ſwore ſhe ſhould be his, and

Order'd me to bear the fatal meſſage!
Say, where in the garden did you leave them?

HALYMA.

On the broad terras, that fronts to Spain—near
To my bower, the fragrant woodbine ſhades.
O fly, my Haſan, and prevent her fate!

HASAN.

O, What groan was that?——Some one advances,

Enter LAURA.

O haſte, my Halyma and Haſan, to
Join our friends——Let's inſtantly on board, or
We are loſt!

HALYMA.

What would your words and frighten'd
Looks impart? Where did you leave my father?

LAURA.

Welt'ring in his blood!

HASAN.

O heaven forbid!

LAURA.

He dar'd approach me with unhallowed
Love.---This I drew, and plung'd it in his breaſt.

HASAN.

What is he dead!

HALYMA.

Cruel Leoniſa!

LAURA.

I hope he is not kill'd.——The blow being
Given, he loos'd his hold, but did not fall——
O ſay

O ſay not I am cruel——What could I do?
I wept, I pray'd, I knelt in vain.——Nay
Stand not ſo amaz'd——Let's haſte to Egmond!

HASAN.

What ſhall the father periſh for want of
Help, and I, his only ſon, not ſtrive to
Save him? Periſh Hafan firſt.——Egmond by
This expects you. Let him lead on his friends,
And gain the bark——Secure yourſelves, if fate
Ordains my ſtay.——

HALYMA.

O, my brother!

HASAN.

Siſter,
Farewell! O Laura! Heav'n bleſs and ſend you
Safe---whate'er becomes of wretched Haſan.

[*Exit Haſan.*

LAURA.

O ſtay, thou gen'rous youth, and take the thanks
The bleſſings of a heart, that venerates
And loves thy virtues. Doſt thou thus leave us?
O noble mind! That dar'ſt to ſacrifice
Thy ev'ry hope to filial piety!
O my kind Halyma——what drown'd in tears
Which I, thy friend, have caus'd to flow?

HALYMA.

In vain
Are all complaints, th' unerring pow'r has thus
Decreed, and we muſt mourn in ſilence——come
Give me your hand, and heav'en direct our ſteps.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE—the STREET.

Achmet and a Mooriſh Officer.

ACHMET.

Captain. You and your men watch carefully
That door—and if the Chriſtian ſlaves iſſue
Forth, obſerve their motions—if they attempt
To climb the wall, or ſwim to yonder bark,
Cry, Hali, thrice, a ſignal I have given,
And all the guards will join you—mark, if they
Refuſe to yield, diſpatch them—thoſe that you
Secure ſafe, conduct to the Dey, and ſend
For me.

CAPTAIN.

Sacred I'll hold your orders, Sir. [*exeunt.*

MUSTAPHA's HOUSE.

Haſan leading in Muſtapha.

MUSTAPHA.

This is the laſt kind office, Haſan, thou
Wilt ever do me!

HASAN.

O ſay not ſo! I
Hope the wound's not mortal—the ſurgeon, when
He comes, may ſtaunch the blood, and work a cure.

MUSTAPHA.

He'll try his art in vain, I find my end
Approaching faſt—but e'er I die, let me
Once more behold the auth'reſs of my death.

HASAN.

HASAN.

O my father, think not of revenge, let——

MUSTAPHA.

Revenge! no, no, my ſon, let her be ſought:
I ſhall not die in peace, unleſs ſhe's here.

HASAN. [*aſide.*

Ha! what noiſe is that—what firing too—nay
[*guns fired, and Hali thrice pronounced.*
Then my friends are loſt—O for an earthquake
To o'erwhelm us all!——

Enter ACHMET.

Sir, my fears were true,
Thoſe Chriſtian dogs were ſtealing towards the
Sea——but diſcover'd by thoſe I'd ſet to
Watch, they are now ſurrounded, and muſt
Yield or die.

MUSTAPHA.

Well haſt thou done thy duty,
Achmet—true to our country and prophet!
Thou waſt born to be the ſcourge of Chriſtians.

Enter a Captain with Laura and Halyma.

Two women, that were with the Chriſtian ſlaves
Endeavouring to eſcape, we have ſecur'd.

ACHMET.

Ha the daughter and the ſlave of Muſtapha!

HASAN.

Now the meaſure of my woe indeed is
Full—O poor ruin'd fair ones—how can I
Aſſiſt you—permit me, Sir, to be their
Guard—my life ſhall anſwer for their ſafety.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

What doſt thou know them, boy?

HASAN.

Father, I do.

MUSTAPHA.

Captain depart and leave theſe women here;
And bring me word if they've ſubdu'd the ſlaves.
Haſan, go bring me Laura—why is that
Delay'd——

HASAN.

O defer it till to-morrow——

MUSTAPHA.

To-morrow, fool!—the wiſe man thinks
Of now—to-morrow, boy, will never come
To me—no more delays. Achmet come near.

HASAN.

O heaven and earth! what ſhall I do to ſave
You—give me your hands, and let us haſte away.

[*Haſan is leading them off.*

MUSTAPHA.

Ha! art thou ſure of that? my daughter and
Her ſlave—by Mahomet they both ſhall die!
Order them before me—whilſt I have power
To pronounce their doom—ſtop Haſan, bring thoſe
Women forward—Oh! I am faint—let me but
Live to be reveng'd—then prophet take me
To thyſelf—call my mutes.

HASAN.

Have mercy, Sir!

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

Peace, boy, if thou wouldſt eſcape thy dying
Father's curſe—what, Halyma? my daughter!
Thou debaſe thy blood, to join with ſlaves to
Maſſacre thy friends, and fly thy native
Soil—nay plead not for thyſelf—thy fate is
Fix'd—Haſan be gone—nor dare to ſpeak one
[*Haſan forced out.*
Word—out of my ſight I ſay—nay then force
Him hence—ſlaves bear my daughter to her room,
Let her be ſtrangled there—her father will
Not ſee her die—bring me word on th' inſtant
'Tis done!

LAURA.

O hear me! call back your daughter!
'Twas I perſuaded her: 'tis I alone
Should ſuffer.

MUSTAPHA.

Villains be gone——obey my
[*mutes lead off Halyma.*
Order—'twas you perſuaded her: was it?
Traitreſs——O thou lovely miſchief! who with
A face bright as the maids of paradiſe
Haſt all hell's plagues engender'd in thy breaſt.
Thou ſhalt no more have pow'r to charm—this hour
My vengeance ſhall be greatly ſatisfied——
Thou once didſt talk to me of virtue——here
Bring her to me——

LAURA.

Villains, ſtand off——nor dare
Approach——he dies, that lays a hand on me!
[*draws a dagger.*

MUSTAPHA.

Achmet—ſlaves—am I to be obey'd? by
My departing ſoul, if you delay, you all ſhall
Suffer! Ha! a dagger——then die! altho'
[*ſtabs Laura in the arm.*
My vengeance be but half compleat.

Enter CAPTAIN,
With Egmond, Ricardo and Morris, priſoners.

CAPTAIN.

Anthony, and two more ſlaves, my Lord,
Are all we've got. The reſt are either kill'd
Or fled——

MUSTAPHA.

Drag them to the hall—I'll ſtrive to
Be ſupported thither—art thou alive——
[*looking to Leoniſa.*
I can't repeat the blow—if ſhe ſurvives
This night, let her ſuffer with the others.

Enter MUTES.

What is my daughter Halyma no more?
[*mutes bow and ſhake their heads.*
'Tis well - this juſtice done on my own blood,
Will fix the name of Muſtapha amongſt
The firſt of men—come bear me gently in

to

To ſentence theſe vile ſlaves to ſome unheard
Of torments.

That done, farewell to life: I glorious die!
Our prophet then ſhall hail me to the ſky!
Point out to all the great what I have done,
Crown me with endleſs joys, and own me for
his ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——A Room in Muſtapha's Houſe.

Haſan and Hali.

HASAN.

My ever faithful Hali —— aſſemble
All our friends, theſe Chriſtians to protect—for
If they fall, I vow I'll not ſurvive them.
A choſen few, in this dead hour of night
May force the priſon, and guard them to the bark.

HALI.

Thou friend and brother of my love, I'll loſe
My life, or execute thy will.

HASAN.

Swear then,
Hali, in caſe thy friend ſhould fall, to uſe
Thy utmoſt efforts for theſe Chriſtians——ſwear!

HALI.

I ſwear, to ſave their lives, or die myſelf!

HASAN.

Thou ſoul of friendſhip, thus Haſan thanks thee.
Diſpatch and gather them e'er 'tis too late.

I muſt attend the council, and uſe all
My eloquence with my obdurate father.
I'll ſoon return, nor hold you in ſuſpence.

[*Exeunt,*

End of Act the Fourth.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE——the DIVAN.

Muſtapha on a Throne---Achmet on his right hand---on his left an empty ſeat for Hali---Ten others ſeated in order.

MUSTAPHA.

WHERE is Hali?

ACHMET.

Two diff'rent meſſengers
Have ſought him, Sir, in vain.

MUSTAPHA.

Being next in place
To you, his preſence would be uſeful, when
I am gone. Bring thoſe villains in. O I fear,
I ſhall not live to execute my vengeance!
If I ſhou'd not, Achmet, thou haſt the chief
Command in Tangier---ſtretch thy invention:
Let thoſe Chriſtian dogs ſuffer ſuch tortures
As they may feel a pang at ev'ry pore.

ACHMET.

ACHMET.

Muſtapha, my hate's as great as your's to
That curs'd race. Be aſſur'd tortures ſhall not
Be wanting. Haſte, order the wretches in.

Egmond, Ricardo, and Morris brought in.

MUSTAPHA.

Now, Chriſtians, will you renounce your faith and
Call on Mahomet---and truſt our mercy?
Or muſt we ſentence you to thoſe torturing
Engines, that are prepar'd for crimes like your's:
Speak, nor dally with your fate.

EGMOND.

Dread Sir, we
Throw ourſelves beneath your feet, own our crime,
And beg for mercy!

MUSTAPHA.

Renounce your Prophet,
Or you to the torture go!

MORRIS.

Torture may
Tear this fleſh—ſtrain ev'ry nerve—diſlocate
Each joint—but cannot touch the ſteady mind!
For me, brought up in principles, that teach
Me to hope each ſect, if they endeavour to
Fulfil the duty they were taught, will all
Be ſav'd—and think not that man damn'd who
Differs from myſelf.—Yet would I not change
My faith—for life; for liberty; for crowns!

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Well thou talk'ſt——We'll ſee how thou can'ſt ſuffer.
I faint—Achmet queſtion that other ſlave.

ACHMET.

What art thou dumb—Wilt thou renounce thy faith?

RICARDO.

Would I was dumb, and dead—Leoniſa!
What is become of thee!

ACHMET.

Stretch them on the
Rack—there let them linger 'till the morning.

Enter Haſan.

Oh! ſtop your cruel, barb'rous hands, and hear
Me plead the cauſe of innocence and truth.

ACHMET.

Innocence—Haſan, you know not what you ſay.

HASAN.

As well as Achmet.—They have done no more
Than you, or I, had we been ſlaves, had done!
Like them we ſhould have fought for liberty.
Achmet this thirſt of blood becomes not men!

MUSTAPHA.

Who's there,—Haſan, my ſon?

HASAN.

O my father!
If you would not have your name extinct (for
I have heard my ſiſter is no more)—O ſpare
Theſe

Theſe Chriſtians lives—or by yon bleſſed heav'n,
Your only child ſhall periſh in your ſight!

MUSTAPHA.

What means my ſon—What! would you break
our laws?

HASAN.

Th' unerring law of nature they've purſu'd!
O, 'tis the firſt—laſt—conſtant wiſh of life!
By heav'n I'd leap from yonder rock that's cap'd
With clouds; one of the pillars of the great
Alcides——e'er live in bonds——nor ſtruggle
To get free!

MUSTAPHA.

Raſh boy, would'ſt thou interrupt
Thy dying father's will? Drag them to the rack!

HASAN.

Revoke this ſentence, or this moment is
My laſt!

ACHMET.

Slaves obey your Dey, nor mind this frantic
Boy.

HASAN.

Ha! art thou the devil that feeds my
Father's crimes.——I'll do mankind this juſtice
E'er I die——I'll rid Afric of one plague.

[*Stabs Achmet.*

MUSTAPHA.

Haſan, what haſt thou done?—Secure the villain.

HASAN.

How my ſoul ſhudders at a father's crimes——
No,

No, Sir, I would not multiply your ſins,
And die by your command—better to fall
By my own hand, then have it ſaid a ſon
Was murder'd by a father.——Off villains,
This will do your work. [*ſtabs himſelf.*] Come hither Rajep.
Bear this ring to Hali.—Tell him his dying
Haſan, begs he would remember what he ſwore.
Now friends—I've done my utmoſt for you——meet death
As I have done and——O Jeſu take me! [*Dies.*

MUSTAPHA.

O impious boy——Did he not call upon
The Chriſtian's prophet. Mahomet reject him!
Is he dead?

CAPTAIN.

My Lord he is.

MUSTAPHA.

O prophet—— [*Muſtapha dies.*

CAPTAIN.

Let us guard theſe Chriſtians till Hali is
Acquainted with this night's horror. Prepare
For death to-morrow. Guards confine them ſafe
In diff'rent dungeons, leſt they ſhould eſcape.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.——A PRISON.

LEONISA.

How ſtill and ſilent, like the manſions of
The dead, is all around me now——And yon

Faint glimmering lamp is like to thoſe that burn
In tomb ſepulchres. ——How awful is
This gloom. Ha! what groans are thoſe? Perhaps
from
Wretches, confign'd to miſery, like me,
Are near. The clink of chains—this way they
move.
O friendly hand of death, when wilt thou cloſe
Theſe eyes—and waft me to my Ricardo!
Who, e'er this, has dream'd his laſt! Ha! they're
in my
Power. Now good heav'n, protect me in this hour!

Enter the Guard, conducting Egmond, Ricardo, and Morris.

GUARD.

Sir Moors, you muſt be ſeparated here,
So runs my order.—Take a brief farewell.

RICARDO.

O my Egmond,—eternally farewell.

EGMOND.

For ever, and for ever farewell, my
Dear Ricardo!

MORRIS.

Farewell, brave Spaniards, if
We ſhould meet again to-morrow, then we
Will let theſe barb'rous wretches ſee, how we
Can ſuffer in a righteous cauſe ——Farewell!

[*Guards leave Ricardo, and go off with Egmond and Morris.*]

LEONISA.

LEONISA.

O gracious heav'n,---art thou my Ricardo?

RICARDO.

Is't poſſible——the voice of Leoniſa!
Speak my life——my love——

LEONISA.

My deareſt huſband!

RICARDO.

And do I once more hold thee to my breaſt!
Theſe ſavages, my love, are kind indeed!
What means this clotted blood upon thy arm?
Anſwer me quick---theſe devils have not dar'd---

LEONISA.

When we heard the fatal name of Hali
Thrice repeated, and ſaw a numerous troop
Of Moors, ſurround our little valiant band,
Who ſtood, like rocks againſt the daſhing waves,
And ſeem'd to dare their force, and welcome death;
Poor Halyma and me the guards ſecur'd,
And led us to the Dey.——O Ricardo!
That cruel father, without remorſe or
One ſoft pitying pang, condemn'd his lovely
Daughter to immediate death.

RICARDO.

O barb'rous
Monſter——but what of thee, my Leoniſa?

LEONISA.

Me he reſerv'd for more inhuman pains,
Order'd his ſlaves to bear me to his bed—
They, true ſervants to a helliſh maſter,

Were ready to obey——With more than life
At ſtake, I gain'd ſuperior ſtrength, and with
My dagger wounded the Savage that
Dar'd approach me——a noiſe that inſtant heard
Without. He aim'd his ſword directly to my
Heart, I ſtop'd it with my arm, the wound is
Small——then ſent me to this dungeon, to be
Reſerv'd for public death to-morrow——now
I ſee, the wife and huſband muſt expire
Together——ſay, who of our friends ſurvive?

RICARDO.

We all behav'd like men——but, O my love!
What could courage do? A hundred match'd to
One——Egmond and I, and one brave Briton,
Who ſtood intrench'd behind a pile of Moors,
His ſword had ſlain---are all now left, to meet
The tortures they've prepar'd——noble Haſan!
Brave youth! after urging every plea
To ſoften his inhuman Sire——drew out
His ſword, and pierc'd his generous heart!
The Dey ſoon after, by the wound you gave,
Expir'd——it was his death, prevented our
Immediate execution——the bloody
Morn's at hand, and e'er the hour of dreadful
Separation comes—O, let me, my love——
My life, my Leoniſa, pour out my
Grateful thanks to bounteous heaven, and thee,
For all the bleſſings you've heap'd upon me.

LEONISA.

LEONISA.

O my Ricardo! Thou miracle of
Goodneſs——witneſs, ye heavenly powers,
To the overflowing of my heart——when
Thus kneeling, I adore. Never was wife
So bleſt as I have been, each day, each hour, each
Minute of your life, was ſtill employ'd to
Make your Leoniſa happy——with what
Tenderneſs, complacency and love, you
Bore with all the frailty of my ſex? Your
Face ne'er wore a frown, nor tongue pronounced
One angry word: how have you anxious watch'd
The motions of my heart—— and if a care
E'er ſtole into my face, you'd kiſs off the
Falling tear, and huſhed my griefs within your
Faithful arms---thus, thus, my Lord, my huſband!
Receive my thanks, and pardon me my faults!

RICARDO.

Riſe not yet my love! my Leoniſa!
On my knees let me embrace you kneeling!
Witneſs ye powers ſupreme, witneſs ye ſaints
And angels, for you have known the ſecrets
Of my heart——if e'er Ricardo knew a joy
But what he felt for his Leoniſa——
Say, if now hov'ring on the verge of dread
Eternity, one pang diſtracts my heart,
But what I feel, for what my love muſt ſuffer.

LEONISA.

E'er you riſe, that I may drink with courage
The bitter cup of death——O bleſs me now!

RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Heaven bleſs thee, ſupport and comfort thee
At that dreadful hour! And grant that we may
Meet, where cruel tyrants no more can part us!

LEONISA.

Heaven hear thy pray'r: and now, Ricardo,
The diſmal hour of death approaches.

Enter Goaler.

GOALER.

Chriſtians you muſt attend the Governor.

RICARDO.

We come, one more, one more embrace, my love;
And now, death's ſharpeſt pangs I can defy.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE.----A HALL in HALI's HOUSE.

Hali, Rajep, and Zanger.

HALI.

What, Muſtapha, Achmet, and Haſan dead!

RAJEP.

They are, my Lord, and you command Tangier.
The noble Haſan dying, begg'd I'd give
You this [*giving a ring*] and bad me ſay, remember what
You ſwore.

HALI.

O Haſan! I remember well——
Rajep, thou haſt always ſeem'd to love me,
Dare you ſerve me now?

RAJEP.

RAJEP.

To the hazard of
My life, I'll do what you command, my Lord.

HALI.

I believe, and thank thee. Thoſe Chriſtian ſlaves
Are thy priſ'ners. Bring Anthony to me,
And I'll employ thee farther. Zanger come near,
[*Exit Rajep.*
The bark thoſe Chriſtians were to have ſail'd in
To-night, belongs to thee.

ZANGER.

It does my Lord,
Freighted with proviſions, to ſail this night,
To ſuccour our allies in Gibraltar.

HALI.

Now wilt thou prove thyſelf a friend? and do
A deed to ſerve me?

ZANGER.

Why do you doubt me?
Why not command the ſervices of him
Whoſe life is your's? Yes, Sir, 'tis all your due,
For had not you ſtept in and ſav'd me, when
Our Mufti, and the great Divan, pronounc'd
Impalement on me, for an unguarded word,
I ſpoke of our religion, I had ſuffer'd.——
The life you then preſery'd, my Lord, is your's.

HALI.

I'll tell thee my deſign——Theſe Chriſtians, who
Boldly puſh'd for liberty and life, I've

Sworn

Sworn to ſave from death. Zanger wilt thou then
Embark them with thee to-night, and ſail for
Gibraltar?

ZANGER.

My Lord, I ſwear. As a proof
I m ſincere, I own myſelf a Chriſtian——

HALI.

A Chriſtian thou! I like thee ne'er the worſe.
Zanger embark what treaſure you have got,
And take this purſe, and proſp'rous be thy life.
Diſpatch---I'd have you quit the port this hour.

Exit Zanger.

HALI.

Now for a taſk, harder than all the reſt.——
Haſan, thy loſs irreparable is nought
To this. But I have ſworn, and tho' my death
Enſue I'll faithfully perform.——Who's there?

Enter Rajep and Egmond.

RAJEP.

Anthony, my Lord.

HALI.

'Tis well, bring the reſt. [*Exit Rajep.*
Let me take off your chains. Haſan lov'd you,
He was my friend, and I'm bound to ſerve you.

EGMOND.

Noble Hali, thanks.——But if this mercy
Is confin'd to me, give me back my chains.

HALI.

Brave Anthony, worthy the fate that waits thee,
This bounty I extend to all thy friends.

You

You muſt hence to-night, or all my power
Cannot ſave you.

EGMOND.

Gen'rous Hali,

HALI.

Chriſtian,
Suſpend thy praiſe, till I deſerve it more.
O Prophet! Support me now, and I ſhall
Do my duty.

[*Hali goes to the door, and returns leading in a Woman in a veil.*

EGMOND.

Where will this end?

HALI.

Egmond,
To your care I muſt commit this jewel,
More precious far than life. I would detain
And wear it in my faithful heart---But that
My dying friend, and ſhe, have otherwiſe
Decreed. And they ſhall be obey'd, whate'er
I ſuffer.

EGMOND.

O I am all amazement!

HALI.

Increaſe his wonder, Madam.

[*ſhe throws off her veil.*

EGMOND.

Halyma!
O thou prodigy of men——but ſay, how
Didſt thou my love, my Halyma, eſcape?

HALYMA.

O Egmond, the dread decree was given,
And I e'er this had been no more——but Haſan
And this noble youth, ſnatch'd me from the jaws
Of death, and bad the ſlaves report me dead!
I never thought I'd joy like this in ſtore.

EGMOND.

O generous Hali——on my knees, for life,
And more than life, I thank thee.

HALI.

Riſe Egmond!
Heav'n bleſs you both, whatever Hali feels——
The night wears faſt, and ſee your friends approach.

Enter Rajep, with Ricardo, Leoniſa, and Morris.

Take off their chains. Chriſtians, you all are free.

LEONISA.

Halyma alive—liberty reſtor'd——
O gracious heav'n, this mercy's all thy gift!

RICARDO.

Egmond, where are my thanks and praiſes due?

HALI,

To Haſan—who lov'd and died to ſave you,
His is the merit——are you now ready?

Enter Zanger.

ZANGER.

My Lord we are.

HALI.

Zanger, your crew are Moors,
'Twere cruel to keep them—let them return.

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

Noble Hali, they're Chriſtians like myſelf.

HALI.

Come haſte on board—O Halyma—adieu!
A long adieu!

HALYMA.

Oh thou generous youth,
Farewell!

HALI.

Farewell to all! Your prophet bleſs
And guide you——Rajep attend them to the
[*exeunt Zanger and Chriſtians.*
Bark, and count thy fortune made—ſo thanks to
Heav'n, I've gain'd the hard fought victory.
[*exit.*

End of the Fifth Act.

THIS COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS,

WAS given by the Deſire of many of the Author's Friends, to Mr. ORAM, *to be performed at the Theatre in York, the 6th of February,* 1769, *for his Benefit.*——Mr. Powell, Mr. Robertſon, Miſs Phillips, *and* Mrs. Fitzmaurice, *did great Juſtice to their Parts. The other Performers were ſo imperfect, that they did not ſpeak one Line as the Author wrote it. It was not damn'd; but the Author was in Purgatory all the Time of it's Performance.*

Mr. Wilkinſon ſpoke the Prologue excellently.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PLOTTING WIVES;

As it was acted at the THEATRE, *at* YORK, *for the Benefit of Mr.* ORAM, *on the 6th of February*, 1769.

(Spoken by Mr. *WILKINSON.*)

NOW Garrick, and his rival Coleman, reign,
O'er Covent-Garden, and fam'd Drury-Lane.
On equal terms theſe mighty chiefs engage,
And proud defiance ſend from ſtage to ſtage!
High pay they give to heroes and their ſpouſes,
And authors flock in droves to both their houſes;
New plays each month,---the buſkin or the ſock,
Are puff'd away---like pills of Doctor Rock!
Scene-ſhifting pantomimes are weekly brought,
And droll burlettas---ſweetly void of thought;
Op'ras and farces---who can count their number,
Like ſhrimps that ſwarm within our teeming Humber!
For novelty's the thing that charms the nation,
And ev'ry Briton loves this emulation.

And

PROLOGUE.

And ſhall, O bluſh ye bards to hear it nam'd!
Shall York, for learning and for poets fam'd;
A town polite as any Europe boaſts,
Be ſtill ſerv'd up with plays departed ghoſts?
Will no bright genius bring us ſomething new?
O Maſon we have long look'd up to you!

Accept this mite, from one to fame unknown;
A tribute ſmall for num'rous favours ſhewn.
Excuſe its faults---for faults it has moſt glaring,
And be what authors wiſh, of cenſure ſparing!
So may the world from your example ſee,
That men of taſte, can men of candour be!
'Tis hop'd your favour to this farce may rouze
Some abler bard to dignify this houſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

FREEMAN,	Mr. Powell.
WILDLY,	Mr. Creſwick.
STUKELY,	Mr. Oram.
DROLIO,	Mr. Robertſon.

WOMEN.

Miſs STUKELY,	Miſs Phillips.
Mrs. WILDLY,	Mrs. Frodſham.
VIXEN,	Mrs. Fitzmaurice.

THE

PLOTTING WIVES.

SCENE—PARIS.

WILDLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Wildly, with a letter in his hand.

GONE! and in ſecret? what can be her deſign? avert the thought! the world would be a deſert to me was it ſo! for in ſpite of all the gay thoughtleſs ſallies of my headſtrong youth, her image is fix'd for ever in my heart, not one of all that charming ſex could tie me down to conſtancy, but ſhe. And could I be pleas'd with one, it would, it muſt be her!—But this mad love of change ſtill hurries me away. What ſays the reſt of the letter? "The moſt diligent en-"quiry ſhall be made, and we hope ſhortly to "give you a more ſatisfactory account." I hope you will, and to your care I leave the ſearch, till my return to England.——Ah! dear Ned, welcome to my arms! more welcome, than all the painted belles of France!

Enter Freeman.

FREEMAN

Hold! hold! Wildly; you muſt excuſe me if I cannot think ſo.——What! prefer a friend to a fine warm melting blooming girl.

WILDLY.

Yes, to millions, ſuch as I find here, what are their charms, to the kind ſolace of a friend like thee? what I feel for thee is and will always be the ſame; 'tis a laſting manly friendſhip, which ſtronger grows, by being better known.

FREEMAN.

Take care the ladies don't hear you, Wildly; if they ſhould, your hours of favour would be quickly over. But hark ye, do you think there is no woman endow'd with qualifications, for ſtricteſt friendſhip, as well as tendereſt love?

WILDLY.

Why, yes, I believe——I know there is one, That's form'd to fix a man her lover and her friend——but yet I can't be conſtant.

FREEMAN.

Whom can you mean?

WILDLY.

My wife.

FREEMAN.

Your wife! why what an unaccountable fellow art thou! that now haſt ſuch a treaſure in your

your poſſeſſion, and yet will be running out your eſtate and conſtitution in purſuit of that vain ſhadow, variety.

WILDLY.

Why faith I muſt own, I ſhould envy any other perſon the poſſeſſion of her, and I'm convinc'd I muſt be unhappy in her loſs, but I can no more help my inconſtancy, than an Æthiop his complexion.

FREEMAN.

Then I lay it down as an undeniable truth, Wildly, that it is impoſſible for you, in your preſent humour, to be happy. True happineſs, my friend, conſiſts in love of one. That tender union breeds a mutual inclination, to help and bleſs each other.

WILDLY.

Hey-day! What the devil means all this rant! In what pious matron's company have you paſs'd your time lately? Who has taught you to diſcant ſo feelingly on the comforts of matrimony? Faith you are like the fat pamper'd ſons of Rome, who preach abſtinence, chaſtity, and faſting to their flock, whilſt they themſelves riot in every kind of voluptuouſneſs!

FREEMAN.

You are miſtaken, Wildly, I ſpeak as I would act, had I ſuch an amiable woman as you have. And I muſt condemn your levity.

WILDLY.

Why your modeſty's beyond a mountebank's! how the devil can you, with that grave demure face, cenſure me? Thou canting hypocrite! when thou haſt left a bright, a blooming bride, in the prime of youth and beauty; and left her too before the marriage yoke could gall. Where's the difference betwixt us? Yes, 'tis on my ſide. I'm more honeſt, and ſcorn to ſin in private, like you: I openly fly at every joy; nor am aſhamed, whilſt I have life, to purchaſe each delight, to make it worth the keeping.

FREEMAN.

I believe you ſpeak the world's opinion of me; but you, Wildly, know my ſtory better than to judge that lewdneſs is the cauſe of my keeping abroad. The reaſon of our quitting our wives, (if mine can be call'd quitting a wife,) are very different. Your age gave you a power to judge, you choſe for yourſelf the maid your heart approved. But I, in my ſchoolboy-days, was by a father's will conſtrained, (without a thought of bliſs, or knowing what I did) to marry. After my father's death, I was ſent to travel, before I took poſſeſſion of my wife and fortune. But now in my riper years, I loath, I ſcorn the ſlaviſh tie! I am determin'd never to cohabit with her, nor go to England whilſt ſhe lives!

WILDLY.

What? Did the learned doctors of the law, you conſulted, conclude the marriage good?

FREEMAN.

They did. But they ſhall never force me to her bed: 'tis worſe than brutiſh! Each bird, each beaſt, has liberty to take the partner that he likes! And ſhall the noble creature, man, be forc'd to live in miſery, with one his ſoul abhors, becauſe the law will have it ſo? No, if I bow to ſuch a yoke, may I be curs'd ten thouſand times more than I can imagine, under it.

WILDLY.

Well ſaid, Ned! ſtick to that! aſſert the liberty of nature! but from what I hear, the lady is much more to be pitied than you. She, the world reports, loves you to diſtraction; and what is ſtrange, has never once been heard to blame your conduct.

FREEMAN.

I have heard as much. Her ſituation, I own, as well as mine, is pitiable.

WILDLY.

Pitiable? 'tis worſe ten thouſand times than your's! you by the charter of our ſex, may rove at large without control, thro' all the fragrant paths of love, and taſte variety of joys! whilſt ſhe, bound down by the iron hand of cuſtom, (the tyrant whom the world obeys!) muſt paſs her days, debar'd the greateſt bliſs on earth!

Enter a Servant who ſpeaks with Freeman.

FREEMAN.

Will you give me leave to ſpeak to my ſervant, who has been at my bankers to enquire for letters?

WILDLY.

By all means. What is it my old friend Drolio? bid him come in.

Enter Drolio, gives a Letter to Freeman.

WILDLY.

How fares it honeſt Drolio?

DROLIO.

At your honour's ſervice.

WILDLY.

Well, how did you like Italy?

DROLIO.

Why, Sir, I would ſooner chuſe to live in the air of Covent-Garden on beef and pudding, than in the Pope's palace on benedictions and macaroni.

WILDLY.

What ſay you to France?

DROLIO.

Nothing that's good. Their women wear faces which God never gave them, to ſteal our hearts. And their men falſe countenances, bows, flattery, cringing, and a thouſand falſe offers of friendſhip, to ſteal our purſes. Their beds ſwarm with vermin, and their ſtreets with prieſts, like locuſts in Egypt. And ſtarve for the honour of their Grand Monarque, as they call the man, who makes them ſlaves.

WILDLY.

The ſame Drolio ſtill I find. Here's ſomething to drink my health with.

DROLIO.

DROLIO.

May your honour live free from needing of doctors, dependence on French friends, want of a miſtreſs, and dread of a wife! And may your honour give me occaſion to pray for you every day, is the ſincere wiſh of, Sir, you moſt obedient humble ſervant.

WILDLY.

I will ſometimes purchaſe your prayers. Well, Ned, what news? You ſeem pleas'd.

FREEMAN.

Pleas'd? Ay as is the ſlave that has long been us'd to tug the painful oar, at wiſh'd for liberty! Ma femme eſt mort!

WILDLY.

What! ſpeak you ſeriouſly?

FREEMAN.

Read, read my mother's letter, and be convinc'd.

DROLIO.

What, Sir, is Miſs Lydia Fondly dead?

FREEMAN.

She is.

DROLIO.

Sir, I congratulate you, upon it. Joyful tidings! Tol, lol, de rol! Then I hope to ſee Old England again! Faith, Sir, it has put me in tip-top ſpirits! and, Sir, I expect a handſome gratuity for bringing this letter, as the Pope's courier receives, for carrying news of a cardinal's hat to a biſhop.

FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

I doubt not your expectations.

WILDLY.

Dear Ned, give me your hand, I wiſh you joy of your freedom, with all my heart.—Hey-day, what in the dumps?

DROLIO.

Oh! Sir, 'tis the qualms of matrimony, which he has been troubled with, and they are now leaving him, which cauſes a little wambling in his ſtomach! 'twill ſoon wear off; I wiſh I was to be ſick on the ſame occaſion for a year together.

FREEMAN.

I believe Drolio is in the right. That melancholy gueſt was juſt quitting my heart, and was willing to give me a farewell twinge. But now 'tis over, and welcome dear liberty! as health after a lingering ſickneſs! And now for England! the ſeat of liberty and joy!

DROLIO.

Shall I run and order poſt-horſes, Sir?

FREEMAN.

No, not to day; but you may go and prepare every thing for our departure——Well, Wildly, will you accompany me?

WILDLY.

With all my heart—tho' I leave an amour unfiniſhed which I intended to have purſued, but I can part with the lady with leſs regret, than my friend.

FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

Who is the lady?

WILDAIR.

Faith, that's more than I know. But she is one of the most sprightly, witty virgins, I ever met with!

FREEMAN.

How got you acquainted with her?

WILDAIR.

By the most lucky accident in the world for me; for in all probability, without her timely finding me as she did, I had perished.

FREEMAN.

In what manner?

WILDAIR.

Why, I happened to have a quarrel with the lady of a Marquis here, which is not pleasing [illegible] me. We met and fought, [illegible] me in the field where I received [illegible] loss of blood, but was [illegible] by [illegible] commissioned as to have me conveyed in her chariot to her lodgings. Where [illegible] with such tender care [illegible] her health and [illegible]

in France, for ſhe ſpeaks the language but indifferently. I have never ſeen her face, for ſhe pleads the cuſtom of her country, and is always veil'd, when I am in her company. But, her ſhape, her air, her wit are beyond deſcription! I am going to her this evening, and I'll make a bold puſh to gain my point.

FREEMAN.

But conſider, Wildly, the lady may be virtuous, and if ſo, what an ungenerous, ungrateful return you make her, for her ſeaſonable humanity to you; Be advis'd, and treat her with a proper reſpect, and let her ſee that you know how to make a generous return for favours received.

WILDLY.

Well, well; I'll follow your ſage advice, and behave with decency. Where do you lodge? I'll be with you after my viſit is over.

FREEMAN.

At the Hotel D'Antragues, I ſhall expect you by nine; till then I ſhall be employ'd in executing ſome of my mother's commiſſions; apropos! do you know one Stukely, an Engliſh gentleman, that lodges in the Rue de Condé? my mother informs me he is a perſon of family and fortune, and on ſome intelligence, ſhe ſays I am to receive from him, hangs the fate of your hitherto unfortunate friend.

WILDLY.

I know there is ſuch a gentleman, in the ſame hotel as my incog. I'll ſhew you the houſe.

FREEMAN.

I attend you. [*exeunt.*

Stukely's Lodgings.

Mrs. Wildly and Miſs Stukely.

Mrs. WILDLY.

Nay nothing, my dear Stukely, can become you worſe than thoſe grave looks. Come, come, put on an air thoſe features were deſign'd for, and appear in the gay circle of the world; and I'll engage you'll have more adorers, than the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar. And among the croud, 'twill be ſtrange, paſſing ſtrange, but you'll find one to diſſipate this melancholy humour.

Miſs STUKELY.

Thou dear, giddy-headed Wildly! Have a day's patience more, and I hope to wear a face of rich content.

Mrs. WILDLY.

A day's patience has been your cry for this fortnight, I have been at Paris. But I ſee no more likelihood of it now, than the firſt moment I came. Who is it that you expect? That 'tis a Man, I make no doubt. But on what account?

Miſs STUKELY.

That 'tis a man, ſo far I will confeſs.—But earneſtly I beg, my dear friend, would not be deſirous of knowing more at preſent. I have reaſons as precious as my life, to guard this ſecret a little longer.

Mrs. WILDLY.

Well, well, I'll forbear to ſolicit you any further. But I cannot think, my dear Stukely has that confidence in me, that I repoſe in her. You are acquainted with my whole ſcheme of leaving England, to obſerve my dear wild huſband, and to ſatisfy a little female curioſity of my own, to ſee Paris.

Miſs STUKELY.

I am; and I will keep your ſecret, as ſafely as my own; and be aſſured, the moment I dare diſcover mine, you ſhall be the firſt acquainted. But how do you intend to proceed with your huſband? Is your plot ripe for execution yet?

Mrs. WILDLY.

Yes; it muſt be ripe; for I find I ſhan't be able to refrain diſcovering myſelf much longer. I have a certain Je ne ſçay quoi in my heart, that in ſpite of all my reſolves, will force me to throw off the maſk, and run into his arms.

Miſs STUKELY.

But have you conſider'd the conſequence?

Mrs. WILDLY.

I cannot conſider about the matter. There is no conſidering in a heart that loves! I expect he'll crack and bounce a little at firſt; as he'll think 'twas jealouſy that brought me here. But when he finds 'tis un-upbraiding love, he'll take me to his breaſt and ſay no more. I know him generous,

rous, and I am convinc'd he loves. Beſides he has known me to have been always a mad girl, and he will applaud me for this additional frolic. He fell in love with me for ſinging a ſong, that I had made when I was juſt turn'd fifteen, which I ſhall now ſing, my dear grave friend, to divert her.

Oh! tell me ye nymphs and ye ſwains,
(Whoſe knowledge has taught you to ſhew)
Why love has it's pleaſures and pains?
A virgin the reaſon would know.
I'd fain be inform'd e'er arriv'd at fifteen,
What the raptures and quarrels of lovers can mean.

Prudella I often have ſeen,
In public young Damon to ſhun,
And yet, when alone they have been,
With joy to his boſom ſhe'd run.
I'd fain be inform'd e'er arriv'd at fifteen,
What the raptures and coyneſs of lovers can mean.

I've watch'd Coquetilla the fair,
Surrounded with beaux as ſhe's ſtood,
And I thought by her eyes and her air,
Of Venus juſt ſprung from the flood:
But what by her ſmiling on all, could ſhe mean?
I'd fain be inform'd e'er arriv'd at fifteen.

Let

Let prudes, and coquets act their parts,
Their lovers to teaze and perplex,
I never will angle for hearts,
Nor the youth of my choice ever vex:
Let him be but true to the girl of fifteen,
And teach me to know, what a lover can mean.

Miſs STUKELY.

I thank you, my dear Madam, for this entertainment, and hope every thing will ſucceed to your wiſhes. But if you ſhould be diſappointed—

Mrs. WILDLY.

A fig's end for diſappointments!—So far my ſkiff has ſail'd before the wind. I tell thee, Stukely, I ſhall triumph, without degrading the dignity of the petticoat! The thought of this wild-gooſe-chace, firſt ſtruck me at a maſquerade at the Pantheon. I had then on this very Italian dreſs. I ſent to my bankers for money; order'd my maid to prepare for a journey, and ſhe and I ſet off directly for Dover. We had a quick paſſage, and off we went, full ſpeed, crack! crack! crack! for Paris! how things have turn'd out ſince, you know. But here comes your father.

Enter Mr. Stukely.

STUKELY.

Lydia, a word with you. I have juſt heard from Mr. Squeezecaſh, the banker, that the gentleman is come to Paris, and I expect he will call every moment. Be ready to receive him alone.

Miſs STUKELY.

Miſs STUKELY.

Oh! Sir, I'm in ſuch confuſion, I fear I ſhall not be able to ſupport myſelf!

STUKELY.

I'll warrant you, child! keep up your ſpirits and you'll go through with it. Remember 'tis your own ſcheme, and don't ſpoil it with an unſeaſonable timidity.

Miſs STUKELY.

I'll endeavour, Sir. But you can't imagine how I feel myſelf! I'm in one intire flutter!

STUKELY.

Courage, Lydia! I'll order that none be admitted but him.

Miſs STUKELY.

Had you not better ſtay in the next room? I ſhall wiſh you near me.

STUKELY.

I ſhall but juſt ſtep to the coffee-houſe, and when I think you have been a ſufficient time together, I will return. My dear child I wiſh your honeſt plot ſucceſs. Madam, I beg ten thouſand pardons, but a particular affair has ſo engaged my thoughts, that it has made me rude to you.

Mrs. WILDLY.

No apologies, I beg, Sir. If you have any thing more to ſay, I'll retire.

STUKELY.

Madam, I have done. Your humble ſervant. My dear be proſperous! [*exit.*

Miſs STUKELY.

Miſs STUKELY.

Is your name Freeman, Sir?

FREEMAN.

Madam, it is.

Miſs STUKELY.

Then I muſt beg you will not go, before my father ſees you. He frequently has talk'd to me about you. The ſtory of your unhappy marriage has often made me ſigh! poor young lady! ſhe muſt be truly wretched! her tender heart muſt have been deeply impreſs'd in your favour. Your abſence too, I hear, cauſes no ſmall ſhare of her miſery. She mourns that ſhe ſhould be the reaſon of your baniſhing yourſelf from your friends and country.

FREEMAN.

Did ever mortal hear ſuch affecting language?

Miſs STUKELY.

She has frequently, I am told, wiſh'd for death, if that would give you peace! Go you, Sir, to carry joy and comfort to that mourning fair?

FREEMAN.

A mind replete with goodneſs!—The bliſs of ſuch a heart!—Oh! that ſuch a treaſure was but mine! *(aſide)* Amiable tenderneſs! that lady you lament, is dead.

Miſs STUKELY.

ad did you ſay? Alas! ſhe wants no pity doubtleſs your abſence broke her widow'd heart!

heart! I blame not you, Sir, the fault was in your ſtars.

FREEMAN.

Our ſtars were unpropitious, and our parents were kindly cruel to us both! They meant us happineſs, but gave us miſery unutterable.

Miſs STUKELY.

You have my pity, Sir, and ſhe my tears!

FREEMAN.

How greatly, Madam, am I indebted to you for this kind concern in my affairs!

Miſs STUKELY.

I ſhould want humanity indeed, could I withhold the tribute of a tear, for any one I know in miſery!

FREEMAN.

Exalted woman! a heart touch'd with the miſeries of others partakes of the nature of angels, and ſhews a ſoul divinely good.

Miſs STUKELY.

It is no more, Sir, than what I hope each human heart feels for another's woe. Sincerely do I wiſh, Sir, that your future days may be more happy.

FREEMAN.

To make them ſo, angelic maid, is in your power alone.

Miſs STUKELY.

Oh, that he ſpoke the language of his heart! I fear that wiſh is vain! *(aſide)* —— In my power, Sir? The compliment ſurprizes me.

FREEMAN.

Pardon me Madam, if thus abruptly I declare my paſſion and offer up my ſoul, my pureſt love to you!

Miſs STUKELY.

Oh! the muſic of his tongue! He loves, my Freeman loves. *(aſide.)*

FREEMAN.

Excuſe my ardour; thou beſt and faireſt of thy ſex! 'tis the impetuoſity of my love, that makes me urge you; graciouſly lend a favourable ear to the plain, honeſt dictates of my heart! I am a ſtranger to the forms of courtſhip; for never till this hour, in all the world of beauty, have I ſeen the woman could make me wiſh to change my ſtate.

Miſs STUKELY.

Need I hear more? Why heſitate to crown my bliſs. *(aſide.)*

FREEMAN.

Oh! ſpeak my doom, and let me experience that pity which you expreſs for others. I will repay it with everlaſting gratitude—with love—with——

Miſs STUKELY.

Sir, this is a language I've not been us'd to, and therefore muſt not hear it. *(offers to go.)*

FREEMAN.

Oh, do not leave me! What ſhall I ſay, what do, to convince you of my love?—If the moſt ſincere,

ſincere, moſt ardent, tender paſſion can be love, I ſwear by heaven, never was heart more rivetted to woman than mine is to you.

Miſs STUKELY.

How charmingly his voice ſounds when he breathes out—he loves!—I will not pain him with ſuſpence, he ſhall not aſk again! *(aſide)* You know Sir, I've a father; gain his conſent—

FREEMAN.

Tranſcendent goodneſs! and will you bleſs me then with your's? Am I at laſt to be made happy? Heaven make me worthy of ſuch tranſporting bliſs! Oh, my ſoul's joy! Your father muſt, he will conſent; but then he may forget the eager wiſhes, the ardent hopes of youth, and ſpin out precious time, with tedious, mortifying, cold delays.

Miſs STUKELY.

What, Sir, would you have me do?

FREEMAN.

Let me conduct you to the Ambaſſador's—his chaplain will put it out of fortune's power, to delay my happineſs—what ſays my dear; my lovely angel.

Miſs STUKELY.

Conſider Sir, my father may reſent my raſhneſs! he has always been kind and condeſcending. Have patience till you ſee him.

FREEMAN.

Fear not that, my ſweet---I will give your fa-

ther ſuch ſecurity for his daughter's happineſs, as will reconcile him, and make him bleſs our union.

Miſs STUKELY.

I fear the world will cenſure. But if a father bleſſes, I ſhall not then repent.

FREEMAN.

Lovely maid, thus! thus I thank you.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE—the STREET.

Enter Drolio.

DROLIO.

What a curſed cold raw air draws down this ſtreet, and not a ſoul in this country will aſk a ſervant to walk in, when their maſter's a viſiting; for fear, I ſuppoſe, of expoſing their poverty.—When in good old England, there's always a ſea-coal fire, a horn of ale, and a cruſt of bread and cheeſe, to keep a man company. Here we have every thing to create an appetite, and nothing to ſatisfy it. Oh! England! England! let me once more put my noſe into thee, and no devil (but a wife!) ſhall drive me thence again. I remember a ſong in praiſe of old England, the ſinging of which ſhall divert me, till my maſter relieves me.

French ſoops, fricaſees and ragoos,
Don't nouriſh, I find to my grief,
Nor can they ſuch vigour infuſe,
As hearty Old England's roaſt beef.

Their

Their wines make them caper and ſing,
But I'm ſure cannot baniſh their fear,
Whilſt courage undaunted will ſpring
From drinking Old England's ſtrong beer.

Their ladies all paint for a grace,
Each cunning they call in as aids;
But art is not us'd to a face
Of lovely Old England's bright maids.

Enter Vixen.

VIXEN.

What noiſy fellow is that, making ſuch a bawling under the window?

DROLIO.

Qui va la? The ſhrill pipe of a termagant, from which the Lord deliver me!

VIXEN.

Who's there, I ſay? anſwer me?

DROLIO.

I hope no offence, Madam, I was only ſinging to keep myſelf warm.

VIXEN.

Singing to keep yourſelf warm! a fine pretence truly! get you gone about your buſineſs, or I ſhall ſend them that ſhall force you.

DROLIO.

My buſineſs is here at preſent, and I won't ſtir till my maſter comes out of that houſe.

VIXEN.

Oh, Sir, if you belong to that gentleman, I beg pardon, he and my lady are juſt gone out, but I

expect them back directly, and ſhall be glad of your company 'till they return. Are you for England, Sir?

DROLIO.

Yes, Madam, to-morrow.—Egad, we're in the dark, and I'll try what fleſh and blood my countrywoman is made of. *(aſide.)*—Madam, if you have any commands I can perform, I ſhall take it as a particular favour, if you will honour me with them; and by this kiſs, I will faithfully execute them. 'Sdeath the flavour of a pair of Engliſh lips! how delicious! whilſt the breath of the Italians and French have ſuch a damn'd hogo, they turn my ſqeamiſh ſtomach! By your leave, Madam, once more. *(She ſlaps him on the face.)*

VIXEN.

Take that, impudence, whom do you think you are treating thus.

DROLIO.

I hope you are not offended, Madam, I meant nothing more than a little innocent freedom, I aſſure you.

VIXEN.

Oh, Sir, if that be all you meant, I can pardon as well as reſent. But theſe are freedoms I never granted but to one man.

DROLIO.

Then I preſume, Madam, you are married?

VIXEN.

Yes, Sir, I am to my ſorrow.

DROLIO.

DROLIO.

The Lord help your huſband! *(aſide.)*—Is your ſpouſe in Paris?

VIXEN.

No, Sir. My varlet of a huſband, has long been a truant to me, and inſtead of cheriſhing and comforting the wife of his boſom, he has left his lawful marriage bed, and goes about waſting his time and money in ſome foreign country. But if ever I can lay hands on him again, I'll give it the villain.

DROLIO.

What it is to have a fellow feeling? I proteſt, I am in a cold ſweat for the poor man. *(aſide.)*

VIXEN.

I'll ſpoil his making conqueſts abroad, whilſt his own garriſon is left unman'd at home. I'll teach him his duty I'm reſolv'd; and not to think of taking more land into his hands than he can cultivate. Do you not think, Sir, it unreaſonable, nay wicked and abominable, that the huſband ſhould be gadding abroad, and taking his pleaſure, whilſt his wife is left at home, to pine and grieve?

DROLIO.

To be ſure, Madam, by your account, he's much to blame, but I can be no judge, except I hear both ſides. Sure he can give ſome reaſons to weaken your accuſation.

am ſure I ſhould have done, had I been accuſed falſely.——In this barb'rous manner was I treated for about two months—when one night, after a gentle admonition, for ſome fault he had committed, my chap march'd off, and I have not heard of him ſince.

DROLIO.

'Sdeath my mind miſgives me! *(aſide)* how many years have you been parted?

VIXEN.

Almoſt ten.

DROLIO.

And where did you live?

VIXEN.

At Chelſea.

DROLIO.

And your huſband's name was——

VIXEN.

Trudge.

DROLIO.

Zounds! my very infernal ſpouſe! *(aſide)*

VIXEN.

What are you muttering to yourſelf, Sir?

DROLIO.

Nothing, Madam—I'll endeavour to ſteal off. *(aſide)*

VIXEN.

Stay, Sir, you ſhan't go. I fancy I ſhall have ſome farther buſineſs with you. How long is it nce you left your wife?—What mute? I aſk you,

you, Sir, how long it is ago ſince you left your wife?

DROLIO.

About the time you mention.

VIXEN.

And where did ſhe live?

DROLIO.

About the ſame place; would I was over head and ears in a horſe pond. *(aſide)*

VIXEN.

And what was her maiden name?

DROLIO.

Vixen,—curſe on me for changing it, I ſay! *(aſide)*

VIXEN.

Oh! then thou art my deſerter! and I'll take care you ſhan't ſlip out of my hands again.

DROLIO.

Help! help! the Devil, the Devil!

Enter to them Freeman and Miſs Stukely.

FREEMAN.

What's the matter here? What, Drolio?

DROLIO.

Oh! ſave me, ſave me, for God's ſake ſave me, from that fiend who claims me as her huſband!

Miſs STUKELY.

Do you know the man, Sir?

FREEMAN.

'Tis my ſervant. I ordered him to wait at your door for me.—What's the matter, good woman?

VIXEN.

VIXEN.

I am his wife, his lawful married wife! And you ſhan't take him from me!

Miſs STUKELY.

Who is that? Vixen?

VIXEN.

Oh! Madam, I hope you will befriend me, I have found my ſtray huſband. I will part with him no more, but make him cheriſh his own fleſh and blood.

DROLIO.

Your fleſh and blood, in the Devil's name!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Wildly.

WILDLY.

Freeman, what's here to do? What has happened?

FREEMAN.

Faith I don't know all, but here is poor Drolio ſeized on by a woman.

DROLIO.

Oh! Sir, if you have any regard for my faithful ſervices, ſet me free.

FREEMAN.

Where would you go?

DROLIO.

Any where from that woman, Sir. I'd ſooner go to Greenland and live upon a mountain of ſnow, with bears, than live on ſhore with that—

VIXEN.

That what, Sir?

DROLIO.

DROLIO.

Hands off, I beſeech you! I know your claws too well to want any farther acquaintance with them.

VIXEN.

Ay, but I'll make you feel them, that I will!

Miſs STUKELY.

Go in, Vixen, I'll get Mr. Freeman to talk to his man.

VIXEN.

Ay, but Madam——

Miſs STUKELY.

Nay, prithee go in; we ſhall have a mob about us elſe. Mr. Freeman you'll follow, and bring your man. Come, my dear Mrs. Wildly, I am impatient to tell you my adventures.

[*Exeunt Miſs Stukely and Mrs. Wildly.*

FREEMAN.

Oh! Tom, ſuch news, ſuch joyful news!

WILDLY.

Well, what is it? Come let me ſhare in your joy.

FREEMAN.

I am bleſt, beyond deſcription bleſt! never till this hour did I taſte the ſweets of life; I am tranſported with my happineſs.

WILDLY.

I ſee you are. But what has occaſion'd it?

FREEMAN.

What? Woman! lovely woman! I'm married Tom.

WILDLY.

WILDLY.

The Devil you are! What juſt ſlipt your neck out of the nooſe, and run ſlap into bondage again?

FREEMAN.

Oh! there was no reſiſting ſuch powerful charms, ſuch bewitching ſoftneſs, ſuch tranſcendent beauty!

WILDLY.

Pray, who is this wonder of her ſex, that makes a Cæſar's conqueſt?

FREEMAN.

Wonder indeed! And had ſhe lived in Cæſar's days, temples would have been raiſed to her, and all mankind ador'd.

WILDLY.

Well, well. But I'm impatient to know this prodigy.

FREEMAN.

My wife, my wife, Tom, and daughter to this Stukely!

WILDLY.

'Tis ſudden work, Ned! You're as expeditious as an idle Juſtice, who commits a man to priſon, without examining witneſſes.

FREEMAN.

I knew you would think it ſtrange. But when I've leiſure, I'll tell you how I woo'd and won her! But how go your affairs?

WILDLY.

Why faith, mine are full as ſtrange as your's. I have got a wife to-night, as ſurpriſingly as you have.

FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

What——

WILDLY.

The lady to whom I owe my life, turns out to be my identical ſpouſe.

FREEMAN.

You amaze me!

WILDLY.

So it did me at firſt. And now my rambling's at an end. I'm reſolved henceforth to live the pattern of conjugal fidelity.

FREEMAN.

And I'll engage to keep you in countenance. Come, let's go in, and you ſhall view the heavenly purchaſe I have made. Drolio, be chearful, man, thou ſhalt be forc'd to nothing, thou ſhalt follow thine own inclination.

DROLIO.

Oh! Sir, did you know her a quarter ſo well as I do, you would wonder how I dare venture myſelf within a league of her. [*Exeunt.*

STUKELY's LODGINGS.

Enter Miſs Stükely, Mrs. Wildly, and Vixen.

Miſs STUKELY.

'Tis as I have told you, and I am in raptures with my fortune.

Mrs. WILDLY.

I am charm'd my dear girl, to ſee you happy. I too have ſucceeded better than I thought—not

one angry word. Such dear unfeign'd embraces! The firſt moment I call'd him mine, gave me not ſo exquiſite a pleaſure.

Enter to them Wildly, Freeman, and Drolio.

FREEMAN.

My angel, this is Mr. Wildly, my friend.

Mr. WILDLY.

Madam, may you live many years with the worthieſt man I know.

FREEMAN.

Wildly I thank you.—Is not Mr. Stukely return'd, my dear.

Miſs STUKELY.

I think I hear his voice.

Enter Mr. Stukely.

Mr. STUKELY.

Ladies and gentlemen, your moſt obedient—Lydia, is Mr. Freeman come?

FREEMAN.

Sir, my name is Freeman—and the moſt happy of mankind, if you'll approve, and give a bleſſing to our union.

Mr. STUKELY.

What do you mean, Sir?

FREEMAN.

Your lovely daughter has given her charms to my poſſeſſion.

Mr. STUKELY.

What ſay you?—Not married, I hope!

FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

Oh! yes, by every tie; by love, by law.

Mr. STUKELY.

Raſh man. Alas! You know not what you've done! What will you ſay, or do, when you ſhall hear, you're firſt wife's ſtill alive.

Mr. WILDLY.

Ah! Freeman.

Miſs STUKELY.

Ah! his firſt wife living! Dear Mrs. Wildly, let me retire. [*Exit Miſs Stukely and Mrs. Wildly.*

FREEMAN.

You are miſinform'd, Sir, I've a letter to produce, from ſuch authentic hands—My mother, Sir, informs me ſhe is dead.

Mr. STUKELY.

Your letter, Sir, is nothing.—This day I ſaw the lady.

FREEMAN.

By heavens! 'tis all a wile! a ſham! a cheat!

Mr. STUKELY.

Sir, 'tis the firſt time, my veracity has been call'd in queſtion.

FREEMAN.

Your pardon, Sir. My paſſion hurries me away. But I'm aſſur'd, convinc'd that ſhe is dead.

Mr. STUKELY.

And Sir, I am convinc'd that ſhe's alive.—Therefore if you'll do her juſtice, and live with

her, I'll get this ſecond marriage diſannulled, and drop the affair in ſilence, both for your's and my daughter's ſake.

FREEMAN.

Never, never upon my——

Mr. STUKELY.

Hold, Sir, before you ſwear, you ſhall ſee and hear her, and then follow your own inclination.

[*exit Mr Stukely.*

DROLIO.

Oh! Sir, I told you what damn'd work theſe marriages make.

Mr. WILDLY.

Freeman, what will you do? this is a moſt unfortunate affair.

FREEMAN.

It is, for it will delay my happineſs an age; 'till I can hear from England. I'm certain my friend, my mother, would not write to me without the ſureſt grounds.

Mr. WILDLY.

Who can this lady be, then?

FREEMAN.

I can't imagine.

Enter Mr Stukely, Mrs Wildly, & Miſs Stukely, veil'd.

Mr. STUKELY.

This is the lady, Sir; will you give up my daughter, and take your firſt wife to your arms?

FREEMAN.

No! never, Sir. I'll inſtantly for England, and clear up this miſtake!

Mr. STUKELY,

Mr. STUKELY.

Look at her firſt, and then—*(takes off her veil.)*

FREEMAN.

Ah! Am I awake!——Is it poſſible!

Miſs STUKELY.

Moſt true, however ſtrange! I am your firſt and ſecond wife.

Mr. STUKELY.

The whole contrivance was my daughter's own. Hearing you were ſoon to be at Paris, ſhe conſulted with your mother, who came into the plot, and wrote you word your wife was dead, and directed you to come to me, on buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence. My child's ſcheme has anſwered all our warmeſt wiſhes, and made us happy.——And now my deareſt children, receive a father's bleſſing.

Mr. WILDLY.

A double marriage, Madam, muſt have a double congratulation.

FREEMAN.

What years of happineſs have I loſt, by my own folly.

Mr. WILDLY.

We have both been fools, Ned; let us hereafter be wiſer.

FREEMAN.

Was it from thee I fled, thou lovely creature? art thou the Lydia Fondly I had form'd ſo monſtrous in my thoughts? can you forgive me what

is

is paſt? and my endeavours ſhall be through all my future life, to make amends.

MISS STUKELY.

Talk not of forgiveneſs. I have no life, no thought, but what are your's!

FREEMAN.

We are moſt happy then, our bliſs is mutual: And to make it completely ſo, I ſee my friend is bleſt as well as I. And now, Drolio, won't theſe examples tempt thee to a reconciliation?

DROLIO.

No, Sir; I wiſh you, and Mr. Wildly, every joy on earth, indeed I do—but——

FREEMAN.

Come I will make you eaſy, as to fortune, and your wife will promiſe you peace and content at home.

DROLIO.

I thank you, Sir. But that is impoſſible. I know too well her curſed temper, ever to expect content. I know what ſort of a peace ſhe will make; it will as ſurely foretell a war, as a dead calm at ſea does a ſtorm.

FREEMAN.

What do you intend doing then?

DROLIO.

I do not know at preſent, but if I did, I would not diſcover it before that——

VIXEN.

What, you ſneaking fellow? I ſhall never henceforth trouble myſelf about you.

DROLIO.

And here I ſwear, ſooner than cohabit with thee, I would be ſent for ever to the barren iſland of Balanbangan, to be ſtung to death by muſquetos, or to the inhoſpitable ſhore of New Zealand, to be roaſted alive by ſavages!

Mr. STUKELY.

Come, gentlemen, and ladies, I've an entertainment ready, you ſhall paſs your night here; and we'll ſet out to-morrow for England.

DROLIO.

Now toy and kiſs, and hold your ſweet diſcourſe,
But in a year, you'll all with me divorce.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SONGS.

SONGS.

Calcavelle.

I.

THE gods at a feaſt, which old Janus prepar'd,
(For Europe at peace, he his temple had barr'd)
The dinner being done, the table was ſpread
With wines of each vintage, with white and with red.
Derry down.

II.

Firſt Jove, as was proper, laid hold of the glaſs,
And a bumper he drank, not knowing what 'twas;
But the moment he ſwallow'd, by Styx he declar'd,
That wine had a ſmack, that his vitals had chear'd.
Derry down.

III.

The name of the wine Jove demanded in haſte,
And why it ſo long had been kept from his taſte;
His Nectar was diſh-waſh, to that liquor divine,
For ne'er till that hour, had he taſted true wine.
Derry down.

IV.

Then old Janus aroſe, and bowing reply'd,
I'm charm'd, that I firſt did this liquor provide.
In heaven its name is the Wine Nonpareil,
But by mortals its call'd, the fam'd Calcavelle.
Derry down.

V.

V.

Calcavelle, ſaid Great Jove, but he drank e'er he ſpoke,
As I ſhall do now; by the way of a joke;
Then ordered Ganymede, his cellars to fill;
For nothing he'd drink, but the fam'd Calcavelle.

Derry down.

VI.

A boon cry'd old Janus, thus lowly I bend,
One pipe of this wine, to preſent to a friend.
When I tell you for whom, the favour you'll yield.
It is for the *Crowner* * of merry Wakefield.

Derry down.

VII.

That I will, ſaid Great Jove, and ſtraitway I'll ſend
To an honeſt good mortal, and always my friend;
Ten pipes to one *Charnock* I yearly will grant,
That the *Crowner* may have what liquor he'll want.

Derry down.

VIII.

Since the gods, my good friends, approve of this liquor,
Let the toaſt never ſtand, puſh the bumper round quicker.
When this bottle is out, I with pleaſure can tell,
That another we'll have, of the fam'd Calcavelle.

Derry down.

* *The Author is Coroner.*

The Poſt-Horn.

I.

ON Pegaſus mounted, ſee the Poſt-maſter comes;
Let horns now be ſounded, 'ſtead of trumpets and drums;
Tho' trumpets and drums may ſerve for a hoſt,
The horn is the muſic, that always goes poſt!

Derry down.

II.

My horn is ſuperior to hautboys and flutes,
With my horn, I like Orpheus, can charm all the brutes;
When my tan-tivy ſounds, it plainly appears,
The cow cocks her tail, the aſs pricks his ears.
Derry down.

III.

The pigs grunt with pleaſure, the horſe neighs aloud,
The ſheep quite tranſported gather into a crowd;
The bull ſhews his joy, by his bellowing notes,
And the hounds in full chorus, all ope their ſhrill throats.
Derry down.

IV.

No muſic ſo ancient, therefore none ſo good,
They had horns in great plenty, before Noah's flood;
And down from the deluge, all hiſt'ry informs,
That kings, lords and commons, have all blown their horns.
Derry down.

V.

Our wives are call'd CONSORTS; and why? you will aſk.
To anſwer that queſtion's a difficult taſk;---
I humbly conceive 'tis becauſe they can bring
Us horns if they pleaſe, and a tongue that can ſing.
Derry down.

VI.

Some huſbands contented, as I have been told,
With wearing of horns, if tipped with gold;
Whilſt others run mad, when they find out their wives,
Like horn-giggs they whip them each day of their lives.
Derry down.

VII. In

VII.

In George the Third's reign, full many a fair ſpouſe,
With a pair of theſe antlers, has adorn'd her love's brows,
To fulfill the ſcripture, the ſweet creature labours
To exalt her *dear's horns*, 'boye that of her neighbours.
Derry down.

VIII.

A comb's made of horn, and therefore 'tis ſaid
When a man is henpeck'd, his wife combs his head;
And when the grey mare's better horſe of the two,
The man runs horn-mad---ſo gets rid of his ſhrew.
Derry down.

IX.

As a fortified town is better by far,
Than a place that's unarm'd to keep off the war,
So the head of a man, that is guarded with horns,
The batt'ries of pert-ſneering bachelors ſcorns.
Derry down.

X.

An enemy goes to attack a ſtrong town,
Gibraltar we'll ſay, it is high in renown;
Brave Elliot to keep it from Spaniards like Turks,
The married men ſends to guard the horn-works.
Derry down.

XI.

As an emblem of plenty, Pomona is drawn
With her Cornu-copia---in Engliſh a horn---
Which firſt gave the hint, to ſome toper, I think,
To quaff out of horn, to have plenty of drink.
Derry down.

The Happy Swain.

I.

WITH the lark, when I riſe, and thro' the grove ſtray
Each warbler's ſweet note that I hear;
The ſun juſt appearing to open the day!
Are emblems of Chloe my fair!

II.

The meadows in May, with flowers beſpread,
Whoſe odours perfume the mild air!
All bloſſoms and ſhrubs, when fragrance they ſhed!
Are emblems of Chloe my fair!

III.

The briſk lambs in the field, when ſporting they play,
(Whoſe looks ſigns of innocence are)
The breath of the cow, and ſcent of new hay,
Are emblems of Chloe my fair!

IV.

Fellow mortals, I grieve amidſt all my joy,
That heaven to ſoften your care,
Has not ſent each a nymph, that never can cloy,
Like Chloe, dear Chloe my fair!

Nelly Green.

I.

HOW ſwiftly flew the golden hours,
On the downy wings of love,
More fragrant than the breath of flow'rs
From the balmy orange-grove!
But O! how chang'd! the bliſsful ſcene,
Since I have loſt my Nelly Green!

II.

The riſing ſun beheld me bleſt,
My hours I paſt ſerene,
And when deſcending to the weſt,
How happy ſtill I've been.
But O! how chang'd! the bliſsful ſcene!
Since I have loſt my Nelly Green!

III.

Exulting ſtill, I paſs'd my time,
Nor envy'd thoſe above!
I thought her heart, was ſure like mine,
Like mine I thought her love.
But O! how chang'd! the bliſsful ſcene!
Since I have loſt my Nelly Green!

IV.

The ſwain prevails, with wealth poſſeſt,
Th' inconſtant's mine no more;
In vain I vow, in vain proteſt!
Since love is all my ſtore!
And now, how chang'd! the bliſsful ſcene!
For ever's loſt my Nelly Green!

Song.

I.

CHLOE, bright maid, is poſſeſt of each charm,
Which Venus herſelf could e'er boaſt!
Around her, the loves and the graces all ſwarm!
And the gods make my Chloe a toaſt!

II.

O! Chloe, in mercy give ear to my ſtrain!
My ſoul ſtriving tumults remove!

O!

O! why ſhould ſuch beauty, delight to give pain
To a heart, that runs over with love!

III.

How ſwift flew the hours, my life O how bleſt!
'Till my heart fell a captive to thee!
O! Chloe comply, take love to thy breaſt!
And ſhare the ſweet paſſion with me!

Smiling Nan.

I.

YE lads who love ale, that's mellow and ſtrong,
Let's trip it to Lee's, and call for a can!
By a chearful good fire,---with merry old ſong,
From the tuneable voice of ſmiling Nan!

II.

The ladies in town, when young, are all taught,
The art to gain fools, to ogle and fan!
By nature alone our affections are caught,
And held in the ſhackles of ſmiling Nan.

III.

Let heroes go fight for honour or fame,
Who, danger deſpiſing, will lead on the van!
Thoſe fools riſk their lives to get them a name,
Whilſt we without hazard have ſmiling Nan!

IV.

The courtier, to gain him a place of renown,
Would moſt villain-like, his brother trepan!
I'm happier far, tho' only a clown,
When enjoying the looks of ſmiling Nan!

V. The

V.

The man, that's ambitious, is never at eaſe,
His head he diſtracts, for ſome fav'rite plan!
Let him ſcheme on, my ambition's to pleaſe.
And baſk in the ſun-ſhine of ſmiling Nan!

VI.

Divines by their words, (tho' not by their ways)
Would teach us that life is only a ſpan!
If ſo, ev'ry inch I'll uſe in her praiſe!
And the world ſhall reſound with ſmiling Nan!

VII.

Come fill up the glaſs---ſuch liquor I prize!
And let it go round, and I'll pledge thee, man!
The toaſt we all love---the coal black eyes,
That gives us all pleaſure, of ſmiling Nan.

Song.

I.

OLD Time flies with wings: Ay, I've often thought ſo!
When with Chloe, dear maid! I have been:
Whole hours have paſt I've never felt go,
As happy---we've ſat on the green.

II.

But now like a cripple he hobbles along,
Regardleſs he laughs at my pray'r!
Oh when ſhall I bleſt repeat her my ſong?
Oh come thou ſweet ſolace of care!

III.

'Tis well the joys are great,
That meeting lovers ſhare;
Or abſence were a ſtate
That mortals could not bear!

V. Hear

V.

Hear oh Time! a lover's cry!
Quickly, oh more quickly fly!
Bring dear Chloe to my arms!
When ſhe's there, oh reſt your fill!
Stop forever, if you will,
There's heaven in her charms!

Song.

I.

WHEN firſt my Chloe I beheld,
I thought all maidens ſhe excell'd,
Such charms were in her face!
The lilly white and roſes red,
By nature's curious hand were ſpread,
And form'd a perfect grace!

II.

Her lips, her cheeks, her flowing hair,
Her ſparkling eyes, her graceful air,
No poet's pen can draw!
Oh mortals! have you ever ſeen
Some maſter hand paint beauty's queen?
Then think you Chloe ſaw!

III

But theſe are charms that fade away,
The bloſſoms of a ſummer's day,
That art cannot prolong;
But ſhe has got an endleſs train
Of modeſt wit, to entertain,
To keep her ever young.

IV.

A heart humane, the melting tear,
Or joyous ſmile does Chloe wear
For others bliſs or woe!
The more I ſearch her lovely mind,
The more her excellence I find,
Her charms upon me grow!

V.

A wife like this can never cloy,
Who every day, brings ſome new joy
Unto her lover's breaſt!
The Chloe fraught with all theſe charms,
Is every night within my arms!
Then judge how I am bleſt!

Song.

I.

NOR ſpring that makes all nature gay!
Nor ſummer's blooming prime!
Nor rip'ning autumn's chearful ray,
Can pleaſe this ſoul of mine.
But Chloe come! and thou wilt bring
The ſweets of ſummer and the ſpring!

II.

Nor warblers, that on ev'ry tree,
Their ſwelling notes impart:
Nor muſic's ſoothing harmony,
Can chear my gloomy heart.
But Chloe come! and thou wilt be
The muſic of the ſpheres to me!

III.

Nor pink, nor violet, nor roſe,
Can any ſweets produce !
Nor ſcents that orange-groves diſcloſe,
One fragant joy infuſe !
But Chloe come ! my lovely fair,
And fill with ſweets the ambient air !

Song.

On Mr. Pitt's great exertion in manning our fleet againſt the deſigns of the French, in the ſpring 1788.

I.

BRITONS prepare, great George is fir'd,
And rouſes for the war !
Lewis thy triumphs are expir'd,
For vengeance we declare !
Our brave Rodney and Hood ſhall ſcourge the proud foe,
And Britons ſhall conquer wherever they go ;
Then let us rejoice, and united let's ſing,
And crown a full glaſs, to our tars and our King !

II.

Prepared look our fleet is man'd,
And ready for the ſea !
Rodney and Hood have the command,
We doubt not victory.
Our brave Rodney and Hood, &c.

III.

Deſpotic Lewis reigns o'er ſlaves,
George o'er a people free !
Britons reſolv'd, the bleſſing craves,
Of death or liberty !
Our brave Rodney and Hood, &c.

The Advice.

I.

NE'ER ſuppreſs the gen'rous paſſion
But with ardour ſtill purſue,
And in time ſhe'll yield compaſſion,
When ſhe finds your paſſion true!

III

Women by their ſex's charter,
Long attendance will expect,
Nor e'er think ſhe'll grant you quarter,
If ſhe finds the leaſt neglect!

III.

Gueſs the joy, the joy tranſporting!
When the bluſhing maid ſhall ſay,
Now my Damon ceaſe your courting,
You, yourſelf ſhall name the day

Strephon and Chloe.

RECITATIVE.

THE ſun o'er Eaſtern hills appear'd,
The lark in pleaſing notes was heard.
When Strephon, with his Chloe fair,
Were driving forth their fleecy care:
As chearful thus they mov'd along,
The nymph and ſwain alternate ſung!

STREPHON.

Look my Chloe, look around thee,
What a pleaſing ſcene is here!
Laviſh nature, ſee ſurrounds thee,
With the beauties of the year!
Birds on ev'ry branch ſee ſporting,
Straining of their little throats!
Rivals! are you Chloe courting?
In ſuch moving, tender notes!

CHLOE.

Ceaſe my Strephon, no ſuch matter,
Is the ſubject of their ſong;
They are conſtant, you ſtill flatter
And deceive me with your tongue.
Hark, within that thicket cooing,
Hear the faithful billing dove,
Like to his ſhould be your wooing,
Like to his ſhould be your love!

STREPHON.

Mind my Chloe, from thoſe flowers,
What a fragrant ſweet is ſent;
Now the ſun exhales thoſe ſhowers,
Which their blooming heads had bent!
So when from thee, I am baniſh'd,
Will thy Strephon droop and mourn,
But my ev'ry care is vaniſh'd,
When to Chloe I return!

CHLOE.

As that harmleſs lamb ſtands bleating,
Whilſt its dam has careleſs ſtray'd;
So my tender heart is beating,
In thy abſence ſtill afraid:
But with joy I fly to meet thee,
Like the linnet to her neſt,
And in floods of rapture greet thee,
Bill and flutter on thy breaſt!

DUET.

DUET.

Thus bleſt and united, we ſport and we play,
And in tender endearments we paſs the long day!
And at night, when the ſun has ſunk in the Weſt,
HE. In Chloe's dear boſom, her Strephon } ſhall reſt.
SHE. In Strephon's dear boſom, his Chloe }

Song.

DAMON.

THO' marriage, dear Chloe, ſo frightful appears,
O liſten to love! and you'll baniſh your fears,
The tender ſweet union, when once you have try'd,
Tranſported you'll cry, O how bleſt is a bride!

CHLOE.

If marriage and courtſhip, O Damon were one!
'Twould be joy moſt compleat, I freely muſt own;
But when I look round on the pairs that are join'd,
Not one in a hundred I happy can find.

DAMON.

Conſider, my Chloe, that moſt of thoſe pairs,
For Int'reſt were join'd—that's the cauſe of their cares,
Then why ſhould you wonder, ſuch diſcord to ſee?
Since loving alone, can true happineſs be!

CHLOE.

But men are inconſtant, and love but a while,
And fickle they quit—not aſham'd of their guile;
What faith can be plac'd in a creature ſo ſtrange?
Who court for a ſeaſon, then wantonly change!

DAMON.

DAMON.

When mutual eſteem, joins the hearts and the hands,
How bliſsful the ſtate, how tranſporting the bands!
'Tis love O my Chloe! their attention employ,
And their lives amble on in a circle of joy!

CHLOE.

Such ſure is the ſtate, when their hearts thus agree!
Such bliſs may I find, when I'm wedded to thee!
I'll bleſs the dear hour, when Damon I took!
And the doubts of a virgin my boſom forſook!

DAMON.

No change, my dear Chloe, in Damon you'll ſee,

CHLOE.

And none my dear Damon, in Chloe ſhall be!

BOTH.

Thus happy we'll live! an example we'll prove,
That Damon and Chloe } are patterns of love.
That Chloe and Damon }

Cantata.

ON ev'ry tree the ſwelling bud,
Proclaims the blooming ſpring;
The choriſters that haunt the wood,
Their warbling ſonnets ſing.
The turf is ſpread with ſmiling green,
And flow'rs the meads adorn;
Oh quit the town, my lovely queen,
To view the roſy morn!

Leave

Leave ſmoke and noiſe,
And fly to joys,
That court my Chloe fair!
Whilſt hay perfumes,
And hedge-row blooms,
With fragrance fill the air!

The cherry-cheek'd laſs is milking her cow,
And ruddy-fac'd ſwains are driving the plow;
To the pipe and the tabor at night they are ſeen
In hands round the may-pole, to dance on the green!

Roger with ſome artleſs tale
Does the heart of Nell aſſail,
And ſhe ſmirking, void of guile
Still approves it, with a ſmile.

Health and pleaſure, both invite thee,
Both conſpire to delight thee;
All theſe bleſſings we will prove,
With that greater joy of love!

The Coquet.

I.

WHEN Myra, ſweet maid, firſt bleſt my fond ſight,
My boſom ſtrait thrill'd, with pain and delight;
A ſomething ſo ſtrange, I felt in my breaſt,
But ſighing ſoon told, that love was the gueſt.

II.

Long mute was my tongue, I fear'd to diſcloſe,
And tell the bright maid, the cauſe of my woes,
But ſhe, a coquet, her conqueſt had found,
And ſmiling gave hopes to heal up my wound.

III. En-

III.

Encourag'd I ſpeak, then angry ſhe flies,
Yet that hour returns with joy in her eyes;
One day by her looks, I think her my own,
But next when we've met, a ſtranger I'm grown.

IV.

My heart was diſtracted 'twixt hope and deſpair,
And I was reſolv'd on quitting this fair:
As means to ſucceed, her faults I would note,
Repeated them oft, and got them by rote.

V.

Oh fatal miſtake! her foibles were grown
So familiar to me, I thought them my own.
That love has no cure, is certain, I find.
For women are faultleſs---or lovers are blind.

The Complaint.

PENSIVE, beneath a gloomy grove,
Young Damon ſat, and ſung of love.
The birds their warbling notes delay,
And liſten from the rocking ſpray.

Ye rills that flow bubbling along,
Ye oſiers that ſhade the clear ſtream,
All nature attend to my ſong!
For Chloe, the falſe, is my theme.

That Chloe which often you've heard,
(As bleſt we have ſat on the ground,)
That Damon to all ſhe preferr'd,
And echo return'd the ſweet ſound!

How

How oft has ſhe ſaid, that no time,
No titles, no pomp of the great!
The' riches and grandeur ſhould join,
Could make her, her Damon forget!

Thoſe vows ſure are written above!
Oh Chloe, conſider in time,
And know that the perjur'd in love
Feel the wrath of the pow'r divine!

Oh Chloe! what crime have I done
That thou art ſo ſuddenly chang'd?
What falſhood have I ever ſhewn?
To what other beauty have rang'd?

The needle, that points to the pole,
Is, ſure, a true emblem of me!
So fix'd is my love, that my ſoul
Is conſtant and ſteady to thee!

If ever I wiſh'd for a joy,
That was not to Chloe confin'd,
Let heaven my being deſtroy!
My name be abhor'd by mankind!

Song.

On the Conſtituting of the Lodge, No. 238, at Wakefield.

I.

WHAT joy fills our hearts, what tranſports we ſhare!
When thus my dear brethren we meet on the ſquare!
Our light now ſhines forth, where darkneſs appear'd,
For a lodge we at length in Wakefield have rear'd!
Derry down.

II.

With hearts thus united, cemented by love,
An emblem of that happy ſtation above!
No back-biting, malice, no envy, have we!
Our motto is ſilence, love, charity!

Derry down.

III.

The town's in an uproar, as plainly is ſeen:
Free-maſons cry they, pray what do they mean?
They're eunuchs, one anſwer'd; I'm told by a neighbour,
That a Free-maſon's wife, was never in labour!

Derry down.

IV.

With a hot ſalamander, their bodies are ſear'd,
That they are haters of women, I alſo have heard,
And that it is ſo, I moſt firmly believe,
For their lodge they have barr'd 'gainſt the daughters of Eve.

Derry down.

V.

They are fools cry'd another: their ſecrets they boaſt
When by books that are publiſh'd, thoſe ſecrets are loſt.
There's Jack King, and Buz, and three proper knocks,
All the miſt'ry of Maſons, moſt fully unlocks.

Derry down.

VI.

Then replied a wiſeacre, I know very well
No ſecrets they have, ſo none can they tell!
And thoſe books of free maſons, I ſtrongly believe
Are only rank nonſenſe, the world to deceive.

Derry down.

VII.

A lady then ſpoke, as ſhe tea poured out,
About theſe free maſons what a din and a rout;
They're diſciples of Rome, his holyneſs knows,
Sent out to alure by their tricks and their ſhews.
Derry down.

VIII.

The wife of a maſon, who heard all this ſtuff
Cry'd peace, my good friends, you've ſhewn envy enough;
'Tis pity ſome folks, their folly ſhould ſhew,
By railing at matters, they own they don't know.
Derry down.

IX.

God bleſs! theſe poor people, pray let them rail on,
And let us dear brethren, each ſtrive to mend one!
That by our example, the world may all ſee,
To be good and virtuous, is free-maſonry!
Derry down.

X.

Come charge my dear breth'ren, come fill the glaſs high,
To the King, our grand maſter, and free-maſonry!
To our wives, barns and ſweethearts, let it go round,
And may this our new lodge, with bleſſings be crown'd!
Derry down.

XI.

Repleniſh once more, I've a toaſt to propoſe,
As the hearts of each maſon, with gratitude glows,
To the good lodge of ——— thoſe brothers ſo true!
Let us drink with all honours, to maſonry due.
Derry down.

On the Centenary of the Glorious Revolution.

To the Tune of "Rule Britannia."

I.

THE nation long depreſt with woe,
(A bigot tyrant on the throne)
Religion droop'd, was languid, low,
And truth and liberty were flown,
When William came, and made us free!
And brought the cap of liberty!

II.

From that bleſt Aera to this day,
The dread of ſlavery is o'er;
Religion ſheds a genial ray,
And commerce opens all her ſtore;
For William brought, ſweet liberty!
Then Britons hail this jubilee!

III.

What the third William had begun,
By George the third, will firmly ſtand;
No nation now, beneath the ſun,
Is half ſo bleſt as is this land;
Since William came, and made us free!
Then britons hail this jubilee!

EPIGRAMS.

ONCE in a year a near neighbour of mine,
Makes me a viſit, to ſup or to dine,
The viſits return'd, no friendſhip is meant,
What fools are we both, under ſuch a reſtraint,

ANOTHER.

THE muſes are virgins, the reaſon I'll tell,
They'r poor as the devil, as ragged as hell.

ANOTHER,

On the Rev. Mr. ——— Preaching a Charity Sermon in Wakefield Church, 17th June, 1764.

YOU'RE a pick-pocket, Sir, I'll prove't to your teeth!
Here, Jack Leake, convey this culprit to Heath!
'Fore the Juſtice I'll ſwear, that tho' I was willing
A ſixpence to give, he forc'd out a ſhilling.

ANOTHER,

SAY Dick where is our Landlord gone?
Why faith I cannot tell you, John,
But much I fear, no joy he'll find,
Becauſe he's left his bags behind.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

DICK a ſprightly am'rous ſpark,
Once catch'd Molly in the dark;
I bar ſqualling now, ſays he,
Bar the door you fool, ſaid ſhe!

ANOTHER.

THE man muſt hang, that has two wives,
Our learned Judges ſay;
How mild's the law! he had been curſt,
With both to've ſpent his days!

ANOTHER.

AS dining late at ——— hall
Where Chineſe pictures deck the wall,
Obſerve them well, they plainly ſhew
How much they are, like thoſe below,
For art and nature ſhews their ſkill
In drawing both, extreamly ill!

On the Death of a Perſon who indicted all the Roads in his Neighbourhood.

ONE thing I'll ſay in this deceas'd man's praiſe
He forc'd his neighbours round to mend their ways,
Rough, rude and dang'rous, tho' himſelf was grown,
His neighbours could not make him mend his own.

On the Death of a Sportſman.

FOR hunting famous, famous as a ſetter,
Silence, the leſs you ſay of him the better.

To the Memory of three faithful domeſtic Animals, buried in my Garden.

UNFEELING hearts, that never heav'd the ſigh
Nor ever knew the luxury to cry,
Be far away, and ſpare this obſcure ſpot,
Where three moſt faithful friends are laid to rot;
Kitty the kindeſt of the canine race,
Cuddy adorn'd with every dog-like grace;
Theſe two grown old, by natural cauſes fell,
But beauteous Hebe, who thy fate can tell,
And hold the guſhing tear? The time drew nigh,
When pregnant Hebe ſhould her race ſupply;
Lucina came not with her kindly aid,
And faithful Hebe's here untimely laid.

An Hymn on Maſonry.

I.

LET there be light! th' Almighty ſpoke,
Refulgent ſtreams from Chaos broke,
T' illume the riſing earth!
Well pleas'd the great Jehovah ſtood,
The power Supreme, pronounc'd it good,
And gave the planets birth!
In choral numbers, maſons join
To bleſs and praiſe this light divine!

II. Parent

II.

Parent of light! accept our praiſe!
Who ſhedſt on us thy brighteſt rays,
The light that fills the mind;
By choice ſelected, lo we ſtand,
By friendſhip join'd, a ſocial band!
That love, that aid mankind!
In choral, &c.

III.

The widow's tears we often dry,
The orphan's wants, our hands ſupply,
As far as pow'r is giv'n!
The naked cloath, the pris'ner free,
Theſe are thy works ſweet charity!
Reveal'd to us from heav'n!
In choral numbers, Maſons join,
To bleſs and praiſe this light divine.

Cupid and Venus.

I.

YOU little wanton, wicked rogue!
To Cupid Venus cry'd,
What fair one now muſt be in vogue?
Where dwells your choſen pride.

II.

I know that you ſome fair have ſeen,
By keeping from my arms!
Come tell me now who muſt be queen?
Let me behold her charms.

III. Indeed

III.

Indeed, Mamma, I own I've ſtray'd
The Urchin faint reply'd;
But when I've told you, who's the maid,
I'm ſure you will not chide!

IV.

By jove! on twelfth-day I was ſent,
To court, to wound a fair,
A ſight, as downward I was bent,
Soon ſtop'd my ſwift career.

V.

'Twas at a little rural ville,
Where Waller tunes his lays;
And makes it like Parnaſſus hill,
To lovely Kitty's praiſe.

VI.

Why, child, art mad? you muſt have known
That Waller's long been here!
I know't mamma, reply'd the ſon,
But ſtill another's there.

VII.

That's juſt begun to tune his voice,
His lyre has newly ſtrung!
I heard him ſing bright Lockwood's praiſe,
I thought Apollo ſung.

VIII.

I ſaw a nymph of heav'nly mein!
From church the charmer came!
O dear mamma! ſure ne'er was ſeen
On earth ſo fair a dame!

IX.

I gaz'd, I ſigh'd, for I was charm'd !
Yet fear'd to ſay I LIKE YE !
My heart was with ſuch rapture warm'd,
I quite forgot my Pſyche !

X.

With joy, I every feature view'd
But not one fault could find !
And liſt'ning, found ſhe was endued,
With a celeſtial mind !

XI.

But vain is all deſcription here !
I can't the half expreſs !
She did like you mamma appear,
When in your gayeſt dreſs !

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Young Lady who acted Cherry.

MY father pardon'd, I with ſafety may
Return, and aſk you how you like our play ?
What think you, Sirs, in this degen'rate age,
Is there quelque une, that will regard the ſage ?
Where is the nymph, to ſave a father's life,
Would leave her ſwain, and hopes of being wife ?
Quite ſtale, and faith 'tis almoſt out of faſhion,
That vulgar virtue, which we call compaſſion !
Long may you ſearch, and ſearch till you are weary
And can't produce ſo good a girl as Cherry !
Not love, but intereſt, long our couples join'd ;
The jointure good, they ne'er conſult the mind.

I've

I've read of old, that huſbands, nay that wives,
Have for their ſpouſes hazarded their lives!
Now ſhould you aſk the married pairs, around,
Not one in fifty thouſand, can be found!
When hearts averſe, are pair'd by parents force,
'Tis beſt, I think, with Sullen to divorce!
But Aimwel's, and Dorinda's marriage ſhews
That love, not int'reſt, did their hearts diſpoſe!
The play now done, my friends, with flu t'ring hearts!
Ha e beg'd I'd aſk you, how we've done our parts?
Muſt we leave off, at this our firſt eſſay?
Or boldly venture on another play?

PROLOGUE to the BEAUX STRATAGEM, Which was performed by Ladies and Gentlemen at ——— in Buckinghamſhire, in 1750.

IN all well regulated ſtates, we find,
Each art encourag'd to improve the mind.
For this the poet ſearches ev'ry age,
And brings examples on th' inſtructive ſtage.
Invokes the comic and the tragic muſe
By ſecret, pleaſing, rapt'rous ways, t' infuſe,
Improving truths, as ſpurs for virtue's uſe!
Tyrants are drawn, in ſhort liv'd glories clad,
Dreaded when living, and abhor'd when dead!
Not ſo the hero, who had bravely fought
His country's good, for that alone had fought,
The pleas'd ſpectator joys in every noble thought!
Th' advent'rous lover, never danger flies,
Whoſe ſoul is honeſt, when he gains his prize
Each heart exults, and feels the lover's joys!

The prude, coquet, the jilting wanton ſpouſe,
Who virtue ſcorns, and laughs at marriage vows
Are here expos'd. The am'rous widow too
Who doating grown, would fain be ty'd a new.
The fool, the fop, the miſer, hypocrite,
And rough bred ſquire for ſatyr's laſh are fit.
In plays each ſex, may all their foibles ſee,
The ſtage is deem'd, the world's epitomé!
The good and great in every age have join'd,
And acts perform'd, that might improve the mind!
Thy Comus, Milton, full of heav'nly truths!
Was firſt exhibited by noble youths!
E'en now our Royal hopes* by virtue fir'd,
Perform what God-like Cato once inſpir'd!
(Oh may each patriot thought, by him expreſt,
Fix in their ſouls, to make our country bleſt!)
To night facetious Farquar's Stratagem we've choſe,
And hope applauſe will wait upon his beaux!
Thus like raw ſoldiers, firſt to battle ſent
Whoſe flutt'ring hearts are anxious for th' event!
But if ſucceſs attend their arduous flame,
Joy ſparkles in their eyes, and animates their frame!

* Frederick, Prince of Wales's children were then in the year 1750, at Cliſden, performing Cato and ſeveral other plays, under the direction of Mr. Quin.

STRICTURES

STRICTURES

ON

FREE-MASONRY.

AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS, AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT.

ST. JOHN, 1 CHAP. v. VERSE.

'TIS CAVIER TO THE MULTITUDE.

SHAKESPEARE.

SEVERAL of the following remarks and ſtrictures, my brethren will remember to have read in ſome of thoſe excellent compoſitions that have been publiſhed on Free-maſonry, or have heard in the lectures. But I flatter myſelf, that the obſervations and additions that are here given, will clear and elucidate many parts; and I hope, be a means of information to ſome of my brothers who have not had an opportunity of paying that attention to the Royal Art, as I have done.

As

As no man can have a juſter or higher opinion of the excellency and utility of the ſublime order of Free-maſonry than I, ſo no man has made it more his ſtudy to endeavour to qualify himſelf for the high and important office, which the worthy brethren of the Lodge of Unanimity, No. 238, at Wakefield, have out of partiality honoured me with, by appointing me, for many years, Maſter of the Lodge. And as ſeveral of the brethren have frequently intreated me to put in writing the remarks I had made, I here ſubmit them to the candour of my brethren; and if what I have communicated can be of the leaſt benefit to my brothers, I ſhall eſteem it as one of the greateſt happineſſes of my life, to have added my mite to the ineſtimable treaſure of Free-Maſonry.

Strictures on Free-Maſonry.

THAT the antiquity of Free-Maſonry is coeval with Adam, is not only confirmed by Oral tradition, but by Sacred and Prophane Hiſtory. As this divine knowledge was communicated by the Almighty Creator to our firſt Parent in Paradiſe; it has been ſacredly preſerved, and inviolably concealed and brought down to us by Oral tradition; and by Hieroglyphics, by Allegory, Symbols, and Types, which Maſons alone can explain.

As there are many who object and cavil at our having received our ſublime myſteries from Oral tradition, in a ſucceſſion of ages to this day, let me tell them, there are many inſtances in the New Teſtament of *facts* alluded to, which we do not find in the Bible. The names of the Egyptians in the third chapter of the ſecond epiſtle of St. Paul to Timothy, 8th verſe. *Jannes* and *Jambres*, are ſet down, though they are no where to be found in Moſes's hiſtory. And the conteſt between St. Michael and the Devil, is mentioned as if the Jews had ſome way or other a full account

count of it. There are alſo the ſeven holy precepts, that were given by Noah to his ſons when they quitted the ark after the flood, and which all the Jewiſh Rabbies are maſters of by Oral tradition. And St. Paul tells us in the twelfth chapter of the epiſtle to the Hebrews, in the 21ſt verſe, That Moſes exceedingly quaked and feared on Mount Sinai. But we do not find it ſo recorded in the Old Teſtament. Theſe and many more inſtances might be produced, if neceſſary, to confirm us in our belief of Oral tradition.

Our myſterious knowledge may be faithfully traced from Adam to the flood, by many publie teſtimonies, well known amongſt Maſons. From the deluge to the building of the temple by King Solomon, at Jeruſalem, there is a full hiſtory, in the *firſt great light of Maſonry*. As a regular *organized* body of Free Maſons, they date their origin no farther back, than the building of the temple. Then were Maſons firſt formed into Lodges, to prevent confuſion. Having maſters and wardens appointed over each. The Royal art was at that time at its zenith of glory! Solomon, the wiſeſt of Kings and men, was grand maſter—the King of Tyre, ſenior warden—and the junior warden, a man unparallel'd for his excellency in the liberal arts and ſciences. There were at that time in Jeruſalem, three thouſand three hundred princes or great men, as maſters of ſo many Lodges. There were eighty thouſand

ſand fellow crafts, and ſeventy thouſand entered apprentices. Under the guidance and direction of ſuch able maſters, and experienced workmen, that ſplendid and glorious temple was built in the ſhort ſpace of ſeven years and ſix months. Aſtoniſhing this—when we read that the temple of Diana at Epheſus, (a ſtructure not to be compared to the temple at Jeruſalem) was two hundred and twenty years in building.

The expence of erecting the temple at Jeruſalem, amounted to four hundred thouſand, eight hundred and forty eight millions of money! Its walls were ſeven thouſand ſeven hundred feet in circumference—the courts and apartments would contain three hundred thouſand perſons—it was adorned with one thouſand four hundred and fifty-three columns of Parian marble; and with two thouſand nine hundred and ſix pilaſters, that were decorated with magnificent capitals—with double the number of windows.

The Oracle and Sanctuary were lined with pure gold, and embelliſhed with rich ſculpture, and inlaid with diamonds and all kind of precious ſtones.

No ſtructure was ever to be compared to this temple, for its perfect and beautiful dimenſions, from the magnificent Portico, to the Sanctum *Sanctorum*. The *proſpect* of this temple was ſuperior to all we can imagine *at preſent*. And it was eſteemed the wonder and admiration of the world!

The outer courts were for the Gentiles, it being a houſe of prayer for all nations. Adoniram, grand warden, was the maſter who ſuperintended the workmen who wrought in *Mount Lebanus*, getting timber, and huge and coſtly ſtones, for the building of the temple. That *were* ſquared and moulded in ſo excellent a manner, that when joined, *their* ſeams could ſcarcely be perceived.

There was no avenue to this temple but from the Eaſt; ſo that during the time of adoration, men conſtantly had their faces towards the weſt.

The temple was built due eaſt and weſt, to excite in the Jews a firm reliance on the omnipotence of that God, who had wrought ſo great a miracle in their favour, by cauſing a wind to blow eaſt and weſt, whereby they paſſed on dry land, through the midſt of the Red Sea. So that as often as they looked toward the temple, their faith might be ſtrengthened.

Within the moſt holy place was the ark of the covenant, with the mercy ſeat, from whence the divine oracles were given out, as often as God was conſulted. The Schekiná, or Divine Preſence, was manifeſted by a viſible cloud reſting over the mercy ſeat; which contained the tables of the law—the urim and thummim—holy fire—(which came down from heaven upon the altar of conſecration) the pot of manna and Aaron's rod. Theſe indeed were excellencies, diſtinguiſhing this ſacred ſtructure above all others!

The two magnificent pillars that were ſet up in the porch of the temple, were of molten braſs. The baſis or pedeſtals of the pillars were ſeventeen cubits, the ſhaft eighteen cubits, and the chapiter five cubits, in all forty cubits high.—Theſe pillars were erected by Solomon, to remind the Jews of the pillar of fire, and pillar of clouds, by which God had conducted them from Egypt to the promiſed land. And they were alſo a type of the two-fold office of the apoſtles, who were called the Pillars of the Church, and were ſent forth to preach the goſpel to the Jews and Gentiles.

The junior warden, who was the principal manager and undertaker of the ſuperb and glorious building, the Temple; whoſe memory will be revered and honoured whilſt maſonry ſhall ſubſiſt; that is, till time ſhall be no more, (for ſo long will maſonry continue,) was a man, whoſe perfect knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences was never equalled. The wiſeſt of men choſe him to ſuperintend his great works, the Temple and palaces. It was *he* that planned that famous city, called in ſcripture Tadmor in the Wilderneſs, but by moderns it is named Palmyra; the fame of which has excited our greateſt painters, architects, ſculptors, &c. to viſit thoſe noble remains, whoſe reſearches now adorn the cabinets of the great and curious. Every grace, every virtue that could add a luſtre to human nature, was centered in

him! The great, the exalted character, he ſo juſtly acquired in his life-time, was confirmed by the manner of his death. In which there appeared that firmneſs of mind, that magnanimity, that integrity of heart, with an unparalleled reſolution peculiar to himſelf! which character he ſealed with his blood; for ſooner than he would act unworthily, or betray his truſt, he ſuffered himſelf to be aſſaſſinated in the temple of his God!

Bending the knees, and proſtrating the body before the deity, is one of the moſt ancient cuſtoms, and is a proper mark of humiliation.

Joining the right hands is a pledge of fidelity. There was formerly a deity they called Fides; and when they promiſed any thing of old, they gave their right hand upon it, meaning that the proper reſidence of faith and fidelity was thought by the ancients, to be in the right hand; ſometimes by two right hands joined together.

At the eaſt of every ſynagogue, the Jews have an ark or cheſt, wherein is locked up the Pentateuch in ſquare characters, which is ſhewn to none but ſuch as are thought worthy and wiſe among them.

We are called free-maſons, as none but the free-born are permitted to be taught the ſublime art.

Why we take upon us to be called free and accepted maſons, I ſhall endeavour to explain. Some have imagined that this title was given at the

the time of the cruſades; but I was taught, and believe it commenced when the Temple at Jeruſalem was building; for when the kings, princes, and great men of the neighbouring nations, ſaw ſuch magnificent and glorious works carried on with ſuch wiſdom, ſtrength, and beauty, by Solomon and his wife and enlightened ſuperintendant, with the other maſters, wardens, and workmen, who were called *free-maſons*, they ſolicited to be admitted into the honourable and ſublime myſteries of the royal art. But as they were aliens, they were firſt (if they were found to be worthy) made free of the city of Jeruſalem, and initiated, and were then called free, and *accepted* as maſons.

From Solomon's time all lodges were dedicated to him, until the building of the ſecond temple, by Zerubbable, after the Babyloniſh captivity. Then Zerubbable continued patron of maſonry until the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, by Titus.—Lodges were then broke up, and the maſons were diſperſed, and it was ſome time before a ſufficient number could aſſemble to form a lodge; at laſt they met in a city of Benjamin; when they deputed five of the moſt eminent brethren to go to St. John the Evangeliſt, who was then Biſhop of Epheſus, to entreat him that he would honor them with his patronage. St. John told them, he was very old, being then turned of ninety; but to ſupport ſo good and ancient an inſtitution,

he

he would undertake the charge—and from that time, all lodges are dedicated to him.

We alſo keep St. John the Baptiſt's day—that as he was the harbinger of our bleſſed Saviour, who came down from heaven for our ſalvation. So we hope and truſt, that if we do our duty here, and act up to the ſtrict rules of maſonry—to do juſtice—love mercy—and walk humbly with our God! Whoſe wiſdom is infinite—whoſe ſtrength, omnipotence—and *beauty* is ſhewn in all his works of creation! That our having entered into the lodge on earth, will be the prelude of our entering into the heavenly lodge hereafter.

Free-maſonry is a ſcience not to be attained but by patience, time and application. It is not meant or to be conſidered that the name of maſon, is as a mere builder of houſes, &c. But figuratively, a maſon gradually advances to ſublime truths, and a thorough knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences, and by that means arrives to ſuch a degree of perfection, as to be replete with happineſs himſelf, and of communicating that happineſs to others.

The hieroglyphics and ſymbols, on the table and chairs of a lodge, are the three great lights of maſonry. The three leſſer lights, the twenty four inch gage, the common mallet, the pillars, &c. which the brethren are early taught to explain; alſo the rough aſhler, which is a ſtone, as taken out of the quarry, which by the care and

and ſkill of the workman, is brought to due form. This is emblematical of the mind of man in his primitive ſtate, which is rude and unimproved like that ſtone, 'till by the grace of God, a virtuous education, and pious example, his mind is enlightened.

The perfect aſhler, is a well wrought ſtone, a regular cube, tried by the ſquare and compaſs. Which ſhould teach and excite us to try and prove ourſelves whether we have a conſcience void of offence towards God and towards man.

The treſſel-board, is what the maſter draws his deſigns on, the better to inſtruct the younger brothers. The Holy Bible is the treſſel of the great architect of the univerſe, wherein are laid down ſuch good and certain inſtructions, that if we faithfully attend to them, we ſhall be enabled to build a houſe, without hands, eternal in heaven!

By the inſtructions of the maſter, the brethren are taught the fundamentals of the moſt ſublime ſpeculative philoſophy, tending to the glory of God! to ſecure to themſelves temporal bleſſings here, and everlaſting life hereafter!

Taciturnity is an excellence, which renders maſons famous, and in a peculiar manner is inculcated by them. By this method they conceal from the unworthy, what few are qualified to be taught, and fewer to teach.

The

The Egyptians had ſo great a regard for ſilence and ſecrecy, that they ſet up a God, they called Harpocrates, to whom they paid the greateſt honour. He was repreſented with the right hand above his breaſt, and his left hand down by his ſide. He was cloathed in a ſkin painted full of eyes and ears, to teach them that of the many things to be ſeen and heard, how few were proper to be made public.

The Romans alſo had a goddeſs of ſilence, named Angeronia. She was repreſented with her finger on her lips; a ſymbol of taciturnity and ſilence.

The Egyptian philoſophers had their ſublime notions, which they kept ſecret from the people; nor ever mentioned them, but under the veil of allegories and fables.

As true maſons, whether naked or cloathed, we ſhould have patience, under whatever afflictions the Almighty is pleaſed to lay upon us. We have a glorious example left us of holy Job, who was a perfect and upright man, one who feared God, and ſerved him faithfully; he was poſſeſſed of flocks and herds innumerable, which were the riches of thoſe days. Bleſſed with a family of ſeven ſons and three daughters, that were grown up, to comfort him. So that Job was the greateſt and happieſt man in all the eaſt. He was ſo good and charitable, that he never went out but he made the orphan ſmile, and the widow's

heart

heart to leap for joy! Thus bleſſed, by bleſſing others, one would have imagined, that his life would have glided ſmoothly away, and that he would have ſunk to his grave in peace. But the Almighty, to try his patience, and make him a glorious pattern to us, ſent ſuch afflictions on him, as man was never afflicted with before. One day a meſſenger brought him tidings, that the Sabeans and Chaldeans had drove away the greateſt part of his flocks and herds; another meſſenger came and informed him, that a fire from heaven had fallen on the remainder, and deſtroyed them. But to add to this miſery, another meſſenger carried him intelligence, ten thouſand times more afflicting than the former! He told him, that as his ſons and daughters were eating and drinking in their elder brother's houſe, a great wind from the wilderneſs had blown it down, which had fallen upon them, and they were all killed. How did this good man behave under theſe troubles? He neither murmured nor repined immoderately; but ſtripping himſelf of great part of his cloaths, he fell down to the ground and worſhipped, and ſaid, naked I came into the world, and naked I ſhall return. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—bleſſed be the name of the Lord! Nay more, Satan, by the permiſſion of God ſmote Job, with ſore boils, from the crown of the head to the ſoles of his feet. And Job ſaid, What? Shall we

receive good things from the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil?

All maſons are bound to have faith and a firm reliance on the promiſes of Almighty God, which never fail. We have another example left us in the holy ſcripture. Abraham was grown old, and Sarah his wife ſo very old, that ſhe was paſt the time of child-bearing, in the common courſe of nature, God ſaid ſhe ſhould conceive and bear a ſon, and they ſhould call him Iſaac, from whoſe loins one ſhould ſpring, whoſe heel ſhould cruſh the head of the ſerpent. And Sarah bare a ſon, and he grew and was the delight of his parents, and the hope of the people, for they looked upon Iſaac as one that was to be a great prophet. But God, to try the faith of Abraham, when Iſaac was grown up, called to Abraham, and he anſwered, here I am. And the Lord ſaid to him, take now thy ſon, thine only ſon Iſaac, whom thou loveſt, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon the mountain to me. Abraham heſitated not, and ſaid to himſelf, It was the Lord that promiſed, and the Lord will certainly perform. He took the *young man* to the top of the Mountain. And Abraham built an altar. And Iſaac ſaid to his father, father here is the altar and the fire, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering? And Abraham anſwered, my ſon, God will provide himſelf with a burnt offering.

ing. And Abraham bound Iſaac his ſon, and laid him on the altar, and he ſtretched forth his hand and took a knife to ſlay him. When the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham, and ſaid lay not thy hand upon the lad. For now I know that thou feareſt God, ſeeing thou haſt not withheld thy ſon, thine only ſon, from me. In bleſſing I will bleſs thee, and thy ſeed for ever! This was a type of our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, who near two thouſand years after, came down from heaven and offered himſelf, and was ſacrificed near to the very ſpot where Abraham had built the altar, for the ſins of mankind. Maſons and men continually have this in remembrance!

The manner in which maſons ſhould walk.—It was the cuſtom for the High Prieſt, before he entered into the Temple, to offer ſacrifices to God, to waſh himſelf in the Brazen Sea, and then to go bare footed to the altar. Which ſhould teach us, how pure and undefiled we ſhould at all times keep ourſelves, but more eſpecially ſo when we enter into the houſe of God, and approach unto his holy altar.

On maſons being deprived of riches, &c.—It ſhews us of what ſmall eſtimation are riches in the ſight of Almighty God. For titles and honours cannot be admitted into our lodge, except virtue knocks at the door; much leſs into the heavenly lodge hereafter.

How awful and grand does the lodge appear, when the brethren are aſſembled in due form! They cry out with rapture, like holy Jacob, and ſay, ſurely this is the houſe of God! and this is the gate of heaven. And, my dear brethren, that this will be the houſe of God, and gate of heaven to us, I am no way dubious. Let us conform to the ſtrict rules of maſonry. Do juſtice, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God! And make a vow with holy Jacob, and ſay,—If the Lord God will be with us, and guide us in the way we ſhould go, and give us food to eat and raiment to put on, then will we worſhip, adore, and glorify his holy name, for ever and ever! So mote it be.

Prayer on St. John the Evangeliſt's Day.

O Holy and glorious Lord God! Thou great architect of heaven and earth, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and haſt promiſed when two or three are gathered together in thy name, that thou wilt be in the midſt of them. In thy great and glorious name, we are aſſembled and met together this day, to celebrate thy beloved apoſtle's anniverſary, holy St. John the Evangeliſt, whom thou Almighty God appointed, to write and preach thy holy goſpel, and to be the choſen patron, and great-grand-maſter of all maſons; who in all his divine charges has recommended brotherly love, charity, benevolence,

lence, and forgiveneſs of treſpaſſes one to another; grant O Almighty God, whoſe word holy St. John gave and taught, that we continually may have that glorious word in our minds, and be enabled by its divine influence to follow the light that will guide us to that heavenly lodge, where thou, great, glorious, and Almighty God, ſitteſt enthroned in power, might, and majeſty, for ever and ever! Amen.

Prayer on St. John the Baptiſt's Day.

O Holy and glorious Lord God, thou great architect of heaven and earth, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray; and haſt promiſed when two or three are met together, in thy name, that thou wilt be in the midſt of them; in thy great and glorious name, we aſſemble and meet together this day, to celebrate the anniverſary of holy St. John the Baptiſt, who was the harbinger and proclaimer of the Prince of Peace, our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt! who vouchſafed to take upon him the form of man, and ſuffered an ignominious death upon the croſs, for our redemption. Grant, O Lord God! that we may conſtantly have him in remembrance, and be ready, like him, to bear impriſonment, and death itſelf, rather than act unworthily of our profeſſion. Then we may be aſſured that our having entered into this lodge, will be the happy prelude of our being admitted into thy heavenly lodge hereafter,

hereafter, through the merits of Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord. Amen.

King Solomon's Prayer, on the Dedication of the Temple.

HE cauſed a brazen ſcaffold to be made, of five cubits long, five cubits broad, and three cubits high, in the midſt of the court. And upon it he kneeled down, with both his knees bare, and he ſpread forth his hands towards heaven, and ſaid—

O holy and glorious Lord God of Iſrael! There is no God like unto thee in heaven above, or on the earth beneath. Thou keepeſt covenant and mercy with them that walk before thee with all their heart and all their ſoul. There is no other God but thou! who haſt mercy and compaſſion on them that truly repent, and are of a contrite heart. To thy great and glorious name, I dedicate this temple! But will God in very deed deign to dwell upon the earth? Behold the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee, how much leſs this houſe which I have built! O Lord God moſt glorious, O Lord moſt holy! when thy ſervants pray unto thee, and look towards this houſe, thou O Lord! who art in heaven, hear, pardon, and forgive them! Amen.

POEMS.

Calder's Queen.

On ſeeing Miſs ———, reading by the Side of the River.

'TWAS on proud Calder's verdant ſide,
As Linctus muſing ſtood;
The God, that claims the liquid tide,
Aroſe from out the flood.

With pleaſing ſmiles his face was dreſt,
His looks benignant ſhone;
The willows that his temples preſt,
Were wove into a crown.

When ſpoke the God---obſerve young ſwain
The nymph that comes this way;
With what an air ſhe treads the plain,
What graces round her play!

And look, no fan, that female toy,
Plays wanton in her hand!
In books alone, ſhe finds her joy,
'Tis ſouls ſhe would command!

How much unlike the female throngs,
Whoſe noiſe my banks reſound,
Eternal babbling from their tongues,
My peaceful reſt confound.

Such knowledge, innocence, and wit,
In one I've never ſeen!
Then I ordain you publiſh it,
That ———'s Calder's Queen.

On the Death of ——, a Friend to Mankind.

WHAT means theſe penſive looks, thoſe flowing tears?
That air deſponding that Lorenzo wears?
O ſay what dire miſchance afflicts your heart?
Tell me at once, and let me bear a part!
If ſoothing truth can eaſe your wounded breaſt,
If aught you want, by me or mine poſſeſt,
Be ſure 'tis yours; my wealth, my heart, my hand,
All theſe, you know, Lorenzo may command!
Your friendly care I know, and well I ſee,
That whom I mourn, will ſoon be mourn'd by thee!
No private loſs now cauſe theſe tears to flow,
When good men die the world muſt feel the woe!
Our patron dead! alas! his matchleſs worth
Did honour to the ſons of men on earth!
His heart humane, ſtill cur'd the orphan's ſmart!
And rais'd to joy the widow's drooping heart!
Great, good, and juſt, but ſighs and tears are vain,
* "I ſhall not look upon his like again."

* *Hamlet.*

Wakefield Vaux-Hall.

'TIS here as fame, has't on record,
In days of yore, there liv'd a lord
In magic ſkill'd—who did foreſhew
What change this ſpot ſhould undergo.
The Druids firſt a temple rear'd,
Where Woden's image was rever'd——
Which Alfred raz'd, and in its room
To holy Mary built a dome.
Then Norman William laid it waſte——
Then next a convent here was plac'd——
A manſion-

A manſion-houſe was after built,
With ſtatues grac'd, and neatly gilt;
But well he ween'd it moſt ſhould thrive,
In ſeventeen hundred fifty five.
When Gargrave, Greaves, and Anningſon,
Should here erect the muſe's throne.

On an Alcove in Greaves's Vaux-Hall.

COME here, ye fair, who muſic love;
Repoſe beneath this cool alcove,
With woodbine ſhaded o'er;
Whilſt thrilling ſounds your ears aſſail,
Sweets wafted by the ſpicey gale,
Comes from each fragrant flow'r.
Here gaze ye youths, and loudly own,
This ſweet retreat is beauty's throne!

On Chriſtmas-Day.

MY rapt'rous ſoul, adore the Lord!
This is the day he choſe,
To ſend his ſon, to preach his word,
And die for mortals woes.
O bleſſed God! thy love divine,
Shall ever fill this heart of mine!

Whilſt thou ſhalt grant me pow'r to ſing,
My theme O God! ſhall be
To thee addreſt, my heav'nly King!
Thou cure of miſery!
To thee each morn and night I'll pray,
Mankind may all thy laws obey!

The Author's Apology.

I'VE heard a certain author ſay,
He wrote to paſs his time away;
Then pr'ythee critic let me uſe,
His very words, for my excuſe.

You might have wrote, I hear you cry,
But wiſely ſhould have thrown them by.
I own you're right—but take this hint,
'Tis bread, not paſtime, makes me print.

To Miſs ———.

OFrown not ſweet maid, nor with cruel diſdain,
Declare you have pleaſure in giving me pain;
I retort like a Chriſtian, mind it, ye fair,
That I am a Chriſtian---for this is my pray'r.
" May the roſe's bright tincture be ſeen in your cheek,
" The whiteneſs of lillies on your boſom and neck;
" To the ſtatue of Venus, be you compar'd,
(" Alas! I am ſure your heart is as hard;)
" May your eyes be compar'd to the ſhining black ſloe;
" Your lips to the ruby, your teeth to the ſnow;
" May you warble ſweet muſic, like birds on the ſpray;
" May you look like the lamb, like the lamb may be gay;
" May ſnarling old maids, as you paſs on the ſtreet,
" Cry out, you're perfum'd, your breath is ſo ſweet;
" May they envy you long, for the charms that they find
" Shine forth in your perſon, and beam from your mind;
" And to crown all my joys, O hear me, great Jove!
" May you yield all theſe charms a reward to my love.

On

On the Death of a favourite Pug, wantonly killed by a Stone.

ALAS poor Pug! thy merit may demand,
The pen, the praiſes of ſome maſter hand;
Thy gratitude, a virtue rare to find,
With love and true fidelity were join'd;
No force, no bribe, (at this let courtiers ſmile,
The ſhame and ſcandal of our Britiſh iſle!)
Could make him for a moment to divide,
Or fly for int'reſt from his maſter's ſide.
His honeſt heart, the honeſt did approve,
He ſcorn'd to flatter thoſe he could not love,
Living he was eſteem'd---and dead I mourn,
And to his mem'ry dedicate this urn.

EPITAPH.

HERE underneath this graſs-green ſod,
Lies the remains of Pug;
A heap of duſt---a lifeleſs clod,
Alas my fav'rite dog!

Sudden, ah! ſudden was his death,
No ſickneſs had he known;
Without a ſigh reſign'd his breath,
He died without a groan.

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Dumain, James, Eſq; ditto.
Dyſon, Mr. James, Huddersfield.

E.

Effingham, Right Hon. Lord, Edinburgh.
Elcho, Right Hon. Lord, Edinburgh, 5
E———, Counteſs, Dublin.
Ewbank, George, Eſq; York.
Ewbank, Rev. Mr. Vicar of Lonſbrough.
Edwards, Robert, Eſq; Denbigh Lodge, No. 505.
Edwards, Mr. London, 2
Edwards, Mrs. ditto.
Edwards, Miſs, ditto.
Elliſon, John, M. D. Woolley.
Eamonſon, Mr. Barwick-in-Elmet.
Eyre, Rev. Mr. Colne-Bridge.
Egremont, Mr. Redneſs.
Edmund St. Bury Lodge, No. 345.
Elves, Mrs. Iſleworth.
Elves, Miſs, ditto.
Elves, Mr. ditto.

Elmſal,

Elmſal, Mrs. Wakefield.
Elmſal, Rev. Mr. Vicar of Emley.
Earnſhaw, Rev. Mr. Oſſett.
Elliot, Mr. Stationer, Edinburgh.
Egan, Mr. John, Durham.
Evers, Mr. Scarbrough.
Ewer, Mr. John, Cheſter.
Evans, Mr. Owen, Caermarthen.
Ellis, Mr. Charles, London.
Egan, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Edwards, Mr. James, Newcaſtle.
Edwin, Mr. Thomas, ditto.

F.

Fitzwilliam, Right Hon. Lord, Wentworth-Houſe.
Fleming, Lady, Harewood.
Forbes, Sir William, Bart. Edinburgh.
Forbes, The Hon. A. Eſq; ditto.
Ferguſon, Walter, Eſq; ditto.
Forreſt, Dr. Profeſſor of Natural Philoſophy, ditto.
Foljamb, Francis, Eſq; Oldwark.
Foljamb, Mrs.
Fenton, Thomas, Eſq; Rothwell-Haigh.
Fenton, Thomas, Eſq; Junior, ditto.
Fenton, ——, Eſq; Glaſs-Houſe.
Fenton, Mr. Sheffield.
Freeman, Rev. Mr. Wakefield.
Freeman, Mrs. ditto.
Firth, Mr. Anthony, Rotherham.
Fearnley, Mr. John, Lofthouſe.
Forſter, Rev. Mr. Rector of Boconnor, Cornwall, 4
Favile, Rev. Mr.
Fenwick, Rev. Mr. Edinburgh.
France, Mr. George, Mirfield.
Forreſt, Capt. Windſor.

Frobiſher,

Frobiſher, Mr. Stationer, York, 12.
Favile, ——, Eſq; Normanton.
Faber, Mr. Surgeon, Leeds.
Faithful Lodge, No. 386, Weſt Malling, Kent.
Fitch, Captain, Dublin.
Frazer, Mr. John, Dublin.
Frazer, Mr. John, Newcaſtle.
Froom, Mr. Thomas, Exeter.
Fleming, Mr. John, ditto.
Foulis, Mr. John, London.
Francis, Ephraim, Eſq; London.
Francis, Jacob, Eſq; ditto.
Farmer, James, Eſq; ditto.
Fozard, Mr. James, ditto.
Frovone, Mr. Richard, ditto.
Ferguſon, Mr. Alexander, Durham.
Frobiſher, Mr. Thomas, ditto.

G.

Gaſcoigne, Sir Thomas, Bart. Parlington.
Grady, Mrs. Kirklees, 2
Green, Richard, Eſq; Leaventhorp.
Green, Richard, Eſq; Jun. ditto.
Green, Mrs. E. ditto.
Green, Norris, Eſq; Liverpool.
Green, Mr. Saville, Leeds.
Green, Mr. John, ditto.
Green, James, Eſq; St. Vincent's.
Green, James, Eſq; Counſellor at Law, London.
Green, Mr. Howden,
Green, Mr. John, Exeter.
Godwin, William, Eſq; Liverpool.
Greaves, Mr. Abraham, Sheffield.
Greave, G. B. Eſq; Page-Hall, near ditto.
Graham, Mr. Thomas, Liver[illegible]

Graham,

Graham, Mr. Wakefield.
Graham, Mr. Thomas, Stockton.
Greaves, Mr. John, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Goody, Mr. Howden.
Goulton, Mr. Richard, Roxby, Lincolnſhire.
Giſbourn, Rev. Mr. Francis, Stavely.
Garland, Mr. Richard, Apollo Lodge, York.
Greaves, Mr. John, ditto.
Gill, Mr. Pontefract.
Gill, Mr. Wakefield.
Godfrey, Mr. Edward, Dewſbury.
Garlick, William, Eſq; Wentworth-Caſtle.
Gravely, Mr. Halton, near Leeds.
Gage, William, Eſq; York.
Gillam, Mr. London.
Gibſon, James, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Gales, Mr. Benjamin, Mytton-Gate, Hull.
Greaves, Capt. Wakefield.
Godolphin-Lodge, No. 281, Iſle of Scilly, Cornwall.
Gibſon, Rev. Mr. Vicar of Epworth.
Gaſonbridge, Mr. John, Gainſborough.
Gates, Mr. John, Derby.
Gaſon, Mr. Iſaac, Exeter.
Gibbon, Mr. John, ditto.
Greame, Mr. James, London.
Griffiths, Mr. Robert, ditto.
Garnett, Thomas, M. D. Bradford.
Gilpin, Mr. Samuel, Durham.
Goodiſon, Mr. Richard, Liverpool.

H.

Herbert, Hon. Ch. Eſq; M. P. Brook-Street, London.
Herbert, Hon. Lady Caroline, ditto.
Herbert, Hon. Miſs, ditto.
Harbord, Hon. Miſs, Kirklees.

Hunlock,

Hunlock, Lady, Wingſworth.
Howard, Mrs. Arundel-Caſtle.
Howard, Bernard, Eſq;
Howard, Henry, Eſq;
Howard, Charles, Eſq;
Heywood, Arthur, Eſq; Liverpool.
Heywood, Arthur, Jun. Eſq; ditto.
Heywood, Richard, Eſq; ditto.
Heywood, Matthew, Eſq; ditto.
Heywood, ———, Eſq; Mancheſter.
Heywood, Benjamin, Eſq; Wakefield.
Heywood, John, Eſq; Counſellor at Law, London.
Heywood, B. A. Eſq; Mancheſter Bank.
Hammerſley, Thomas, Eſq; Pall-Mall.
Hammerſley, Hugh, Eſq; ditto.
Hammerſley, Mrs. ditto.
Hodgſon, Mr. Leeds.
Hardy, Mr. Thomas, Wakefield.
Huquier, Mr. ditto.
Heaton, Mr. Chevit.
Hallilay, Mr. Thomas, Wakefield.
Hemmingway, Mr. Joſeph, Woomble.
Hemmingway, Mr. Winterſet.
Holmhirſt, William, Eſq; Worſper.
Hewitſon, Major, Bellvieu.
Holden, Rev. Mr. Oldward.
Hunter, Rev. Mr. Vicar of Thurnſco.
Hirſt, Mr. James, Rotherham.
Hodgſon, George, Eſq; Biſhop-Auckland.
Harper, Robert, Eſq; Heath.
Harper, Mrs. ditto.
Harper, Robert, Eſq; Britiſh Muſeum.
Hartley, Mr. Leeds.
Humble, Mr. Middleton, near ditto.

Haxby,

Haxby, Mr. York
Hartley, Mr. ditto.
Hill, Mr. Thomas, Leeds.
Hartley, Mr. William, ditto.
Hervey, Colonel, Wommerſly.
Heron, Rev. Mr. Vicar of Pontefract.
Holden, Mr. Redneſs.
Holgate, Mr. John, Roxby, Lincolnſhire.
Hudſon, Mr. William, Hanway-Street, London.
Hoyle, Mr. Sheffield.
Hawkſley, Mr. ditto.
Houſeman, Mr. Robert, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Hardman, Thomas, Eſq; Worceſter.
Hepworth, Mr. Attorney at Law, Pontefract.
Hampſtone, Mr. Jeweller, York.
Huntington, Mr. Hull.
Hughs, John, Eſq; Liverpool.
Hay, William, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Heaton, Mr. Epworth.
Hamer, ———, Eſq; Rochdale.
Hopſon, James, Eſq; York.
Houndfield, Mr. Surgeon, Sheffield.
Hope, Lieut. Prince of Wales's Dragoons, Muſſelbrught, Scotland.
Hughs, Mr. Denbigh-Lodge, No. 505.
Horncaſtle, ———, Eſq; Pontefract.
Hyde, Mr. Halifax.
Haymer, Henry, Eſq; ditto.
Haymer, Joſhua, Eſq; ditto.
Hymer, Miſs, Newcaſtle.
Hebden, Mr. Attorney at Law, Leeds.
Hewit, Mr. Thomas, Lodge No. 252, Manchester.
Harriſon, Mr. James, Newcaſtle.
Hunter, Mr. Matthew, ditto.

Hetherington, Mr. Richard, ditto.
Hilton, Mr. Merchant, Louth.
Hardcaſtle, Rev. Mr. Grove.
Hume, James, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Hoole, Mr. Cheſterfield.
Hall, Mr. John, Low-gate, Hull.
Heſſiltin, James, Eſq; Doctors-Commons, London, 6
Holden, ———, Eſq; Palace-Houſe.
Heald, Mr. Surgeon, Wakefield.
Home, Mr. John, Exeter.
Haiſte, Mr. Thomas, Mancheſter.
Hartley, Mr. Joſeph, ditto.
Harper, Mr. John, Cheſter.
Healey, Mr. Thomas, Gainſborough.
Holland, Dr. ditto.
Hoole, Mr. Sheffield.
Hunter, Mr. John, London.
Hoare, Mr. James, ditto.
Haſte, Mr. Joſeph, ditto.
Holmes, Mr. John, Durham.
Hopkinſon, Miſs.
Hooper, Mr. John, Kendal.
Hall, Mr. James, Burton.
Houſley, Mr. W. Rotherham.
Horn, Mr. James, ditto.
Hartley, Mrs. of York, Lady Mayoreſs.

I.

Ingram, Francis, Eſq; Liverpool.
Ibbetſon, Carr, Eſq; Leeds.
Jamiſon, Robert, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Inglis, William, Eſq; ditto.
Idſtien, Mr. Frankford-on-the-Main.
Johnſon, Allen, Eſq; Wakefield.
Ingham, Mr. William, Oſſett.

Ingham, Mr. Joſeph, ditto.
Jackſon, Mr. Wentbridge.
Jones, Mrs. Newcaſtle.
Iles, Mr. Merchant, Louth.
Johnſon, Mr. Surveyor, Ayre, Scotland.
James, Mr. Thomas, Worceſter.
Innis, Mr. James, Dublin.

K.

Kennet, Richard, Eſq; Heath.
Kennet, Benjamin, Eſq; Pall-Mall, London.
Kenyon, Mr. J. Sheffield.
Kenyon, Mr. Attorney at Law, ditto.
Kenneday, Rev. Mr. Rector of Featherhead, Ireland.
Knowſley, Mr. Hull.
Kilvington, Medley, Eſq;
Kitchen, Captain.
Kerr, Mr. R. Merchant, Leith, Scotland.
Kerr, Mr. W. ditto.
Knowles, Mr. Preſton.
Knapton, Mr. James, Boſton.
Knowles, Mr. Charles, Liverpool.

L.

Lofthouſe, Right Hon. Lord, Dublin.
Laſcelles, Edwin, Eſq; Harewood.
Legh, Henry Cornwall, Eſq; High-Legh, Cheſhire.
Laſcelles, Sturdy, Eſq;
Liſle, Robert, Eſq; Newcaſtle.
Liſle, Mrs. ditto.
Liſle, Robert, Eſq; Acton, near ditto.
Lowther, Colonel, M. P. London.
Lonſdale, Rev. Mr Chapplethorp.
Lowthorp, Mr James, Welton.
Lang, Thomas, Eſq; Wakefield, 2
Lucas, Captain, Leeds.

Lucas, Mr Surgeon, ditto.
Lee, Mr John, Wakefield, 2
Leeds, Mrs. ditto.
Lumb, Mr Samuel, ditto.
Leighton, Mr. Knedlington.
Lamb, Mr James, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Lomas, Mr J. Junior, Knaresbrough-Lodge, No. 499.
L. R. L. ditto.
Lesley, John, Esq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Lestley, William, Esq; ditto, ditto.
Laing, Mr Architect, ditto.
Lister, George, Esq; Eastofts.
Lister, William, Esq; ditto.
Leigh, Robert, Esq; M. P. Rose-Garland, Ireland.
Lees, John, Esq; Halifax.
Lockwood, Mr Attorney at Law, Beverley.
Lindley, Mr Joseph, London.
Leach, John, Esq; Lincoln's-Inn, ditto.
Logan, Mr Thomas, Burton, near Barnsley.
Leman, Rev. Mr Charles, Vicar of Norval, Cornwall.
Ludlow, Mr Charles, Durham.
Long, Mr Exeter.
Leostaffe, Mr John, Portsmouth.
Lockwood, Mr Joseph, ditto.
Luckley, Mr. Thomas, Plymouth.
Lawton, Mr Thomas, Newcastle.

M.

Mexborough, Right Hon. Lord, Methley-Park.
Mexborough, Right Hon. Lady, ditto.
Mexborough, Right Hon. Dowager Lady, Grove.
Morshead, Sir John, Bart. M.P. Cornwall.
Maw, John Henry, Esq; Wakefield.
Milnes, Major, Burton-Grange, 2

Milnes,

Milnes, Richard, Eſq; M. P. Fryſton.
Milnes, Pemberton, Eſq; Wakefield.
Milnes, James, Eſq; ditto, 2
Milnes, James, Eſq; Junior, Thornes-Houſe, 2
Milnes, John, Eſq; Wakefield, 2
Mills, James, Eſq; Flockton.
Mills, Richard, Eſq; Crow-neſt.
Milnes, Richard, M. D. Cheſterfield.
Maddiſon, John, Eſq; General Poſt Office, London.
Martieri, Signor, London.
Miles, Mr Richard, ditto.
Martin, Mr Thomas, Portſmouth.
Muſgrave, Mr James, ditto.
Milner, Mr James, Derby.
Mimms, Mr Richard, Bury St. Edmund's.
Muſters, Mr John, Liverpool.
Milnes, Mrs. R. Wakefield.
Michell, Rev. Mr Rector of Thornhill.
Michell, Gilbert, Eſq; ditto.
Maude, Francis, Eſq; Wakefield.
Miller, Dr. Doncaſter.
Martin, Mr William, Wakefield.
Martin, Mr William, Junior, Hull.
Martin, Mr. Godfrey, Cambridge.
Martin, Mr Selby.
Meggitt, Mr. John, Stationer, Wakefield.
Moore, Mr. Hoddeſon, Hertfordſhire.
Moore, Mrs ditto.
Moore, Miſs, ditto.
Mancheſter Lodge, No. 67.
Mitchell, Mr John, Keighley-Lodge, No. 530.
Mitchell, Mr Nimrod, ditto.
Mould, Mr Senior, Potter-Grange.
Mould, Mr Junior, ditto.

Morris, Mr William, Winterton, Lincolnſhire.
Morris, Mrs ditto.
Mackenzie, Rev. Mr Sheffield.
Maude, Mr James, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Moorhouſe, Mr Honley.
Methley, Ratcliffe, Eſq; Pontefract.
Mac Gregor, Rev. Mr J. K. Edinburgh.
Munro, Rev. Dr. Edinburgh.
Macniel, Rev. Dr. ditto.
Muſcroft, Mr. Kippax.
Moſeley, Atkinſon, Eſq; Pontefract.
Metcalf, Mr Henry, Newcaſtle.
Maddiſon, Mr Thomas, ditto.
Mansfield, Rev. Mr John, M. A. Clare-Hall, Cambridge,
Mawhood, Mr Richard, Junior, Wakefield, 6
Morley, Mr. Proctor, Doctor's-Commons, London.
Mair, Gilbert, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh,
Mackenzie, Charles, Eſq; ditto.
Merrick, James, Eſq; London.
Melliſh, Charles, Eſq; Mancheſter-Square, London.
Moodie, ——, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh,
Moorhead, Rev. Mr Vicar of Quilthero, Cornwall.
M'Giloray, Rev. Mr Leſtwithiel, ditto.
Myers, Mrs. Heath.
Maſon, Mr Cheſter.
Maſon, Mr John, Worceſter.
Maldon, Mr James, Exeter.
Mitchell, Mr Jonathan, Plymouth.
Moſely, Mr John, Plymouth-Dock.
Moſgrave, Mr James, Gainſborough.
Maude, Mrs. F. Pontefract.

N.

Norfolk, His Grace the Duke of, Workſop-Manor.
Napier, Right Hon. Lord, Edinburgh.

Nevile,

Nevile, Mrs Chevit.
Nicholſon, Mr Robert, Wakefield.
Nicholſon, Mrs ditto.
Noble, Rev. Mr Vicar of Wommerſley.
Noble, Mr Surgeon, Pontefract.
Noble, Mr Wakefield.
Naylor, John, Eſq; ditto.
Naylor, Jeremiah, Eſq; ditto.
Nelſon, Mr Robert, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Newſham, Mr Joſeph, Dewſbury.
Newſham, Mr Joſeph, Junior, ditto.
Nicholſon, Miſs Fanny, Halifax.
Nicoll, John, Eſq; Overton.
Nive, James, Eſq; Louth.
Nicolas, Captain, 44th regiment, Boconnor, Cornwall.
Newtonian Lodge, No. 499, Knareſbrough.
Newton, Mr James, Plymouth.
Nowell, Mr Owen, ditto.
Norton, Mr Richard, Norwich.
Nelthorp, Mr John, ditto.
Norris, Mr Berwick.
Nugent, Mr Hugh, ditto.
Norton, Mr James, Nottingham.
North, Mr William, Dewſbury.
Neale, John, Eſq; Doncaſter.
Needham, Mr John, Plymouth.

O.

O'Leary, John, Eſq; London.
Ogle, James, Eſq; ditto.
Ogden, Mr Thomas, ditto.
Oates, William, Eſq; Rawmarſh.
Overton, Henry, Eſq; Liverſal, Doncaſter, 2
Outram, Mr Joſeph, Hull.

Outram,

Outram, Mr Thomas, ditto.
O'Connor, Captain, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Owen, Mr James, Denbigh-Lodge, No. 505.
Oſmond, Mr Leeds.
Orr, Mr David, Merchant, Newcaſtle.
Otley, Mr Wakefield.
Oxley, Mr Surgeon, Pontefract.

P.

Petre, Right Hon. Lord, London.
Petre, Right Hon. Lady, ditto.
Pilkington, Lady, Lupſet.
Pilkington, Sir Thomas, Bart. ditto.
Pilkington, William, Eſq; ditto.
Pilkington, Miſs, ditto.
Pilkington, Miſs Iſabella, ditto.
Phipps, Hon. Auguſtus, Eſq; Lincoln's-Inn, London.
Pownall, Governor.
Pownall, Mrs
Potts, Edward, Eſq; Lincoln's-Inn, London.
Parker, Robert, Eſq; Halifax.
Parker, Mrs ditto.
Parker, Mrs Wakefield.
Parker, Miſs, ditto.
Peterſon, ——, Eſq; ditto.
Procter, Medcalf, Eſq; Thorpe, 2
Price, Rev. Mr Leeds.
Paddy, Rev. Mr Vicar of Kellington.
Parkins, Mrs Horbury.
Prideaux-Brown, Rev. Mr Padſtow, Cornwall.
Preſt, Mr Chemiſt, York.
Pearſon, Mr John, Leeds.
Peirſon, Mr Howden.
Perfect, Mr Pontefract.
Pawlett, Mr Surgeon, ditto.

Pearſ,

Peart, ——, M. D. Gainſborough.
Parnell, Mr Surgeon, ditto.
Prince, Mr Jeweller, York.
Parker, Mr Adamſon, Sheffield.
Parker, Mr Kenyon, ditto.
Pennington, Mr Charles, Nottingham.
Preſcot, Miſs Phœbe, Halifax.
Parkhill, Capt. Junior, Wakefield.
Parkinſon, Mr Surgeon, Bingley.
Pearſon, Mr Sheffield.
Pearſon, Mrs ditto.
Plummer, Mr Stationer, Doncaſter.
Parſons, Rev. Mr Leeds.
Pitcairn, Mr Burnt-Iſland, Scotland.
Pitt, Capt. Prince of Wales's Dragoons, Muſſleburgh, do.
Pitt, Mr John, Nottingham.
Powell, Mr. John, ditto.
Procter, Mr. L. Sheffield.
Pigeon, Mr. James, Preſton.
Plowden, Francis, Eſq; London.
Payne, Mr. Walter, ditto.
Philimore, Mr. Stephen, ditto.
Porteous, Mr. James, ditto.
Powers, Mr. Richard, ditto.
Parkinſon, Mr. Thomas, Cheſter.
Pratt, Mr. James, London.
Pawſon, Mr. John, ditto.
Petre, the Hon. Mr. Buckingham-Houſe, Norfolk.
Petre, the Hon. Mrs.
Peeling, Mrs. Kirklees-Mill.
Prieſtley, Mr. James, Preſton.

Q.

Quin, Lieut. 35th Regiment, Nottingham.
Quarles, Mr. John, London.

R.

Rudd, James, D. D. Edinburgh.
Rawſthorne, Rev. Mr. James, Rector of Badſworth.
Rawſthorne, Mrs. ditto.
Rawſthorne, Colonel, ditto.
Rawſthorne, Mr. Arthington, Leeds.
Rawſthorne, Mr. Richard, ditto.
Rawſthorne, Mr. William, Wakefield.
Rawſthorne, Arthington, Eſq; Preſton.
Ruſſel, Rev. Mr. Dronfield.
Richardſon, James, M. D. Wakefield.
Roper, Miſs, Crofton.
Raynor, Mr. William, Horbury.
Roberts, Mr. Pledwick.
Rowland, Mr. Richard, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Robinſon, Mr. Wakefield.
Ridſdale, Mr. ditto.
Race, Mr. ditto.
Rupertie, Mr. Leeds.
Rogers, Miſs, Dronfield.
Rogers, Mr. Liverpool.
Robinſon, Mr. Newcaſtle.
Richardſon, Miſs Eliza, Wakefield.
Rudd, Rev. Mr. Thomas, Vicar of Eaſtrington.
Roebuck, Mr. B. Sheffield.
Robinſon, Rev. Mr. Norton.
Rule, Mr. James, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Rain, Mr. John, ditto.
Rhodes, Mr. P. M. Leeds.
Ryan, Mr. Thomas, Liverpool.
Ramſey, George, Eſq; Poſt-Office, Edinburgh.
Ruddiman, Mr. Stationer, ditto.
Robertſon, James, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.
Roberts, Edward, Eſq; Denbigh-Lodge, No. 505.
Roberts, James, Eſq; ditto.

Roſcoe,

Roſcoe, Mr. William, Liverpool.
Robinſon, Mr. John, Newcaſtle.
Rawſon, William, Eſq; Halifax.
Royds, Miſs Fanny, ditto.
Reiley, Mr. Cuthbert, Newcaſtle.
Rowe, Mr. ditto.
Rondeau, Mr. London.
Royſton, Mr. William, Wakefield.
Royſton, Mr. Hugh, Junior, Walton.
Riccaby, John, Eſq; Wakefield.
Riddle, Mr. Thomas, Architect, Hull.
Ruſſell, Mrs. London.
Raſhleigh, John, Eſq; Penquit, Cornwall.
Royds, Richard, Eſq; Halifax.
Ruth, Mr. Hull.
Redfearn, Francis, Eſq; Calcutta.
Redfearn, Dr. London, 2
Robertſon, Mr. A. Lewiſham, Kent.
Rowe, Mrs. Worceſter.
Rouge, Mr. James, Lancaſter.
Roundle, Mr. George, Plymouth.
Randle, Mr. Gregory, Plymouth-Dock.
Range, Mr. John, Norwich.
Rawlinſon, Mr. Lancaſter.
Robinſon, John, Eſq; London.
Ruſpini, B. Eſq; ditto.
Rice, Mr. Stephen, ditto.
Rowe, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Rouſe, Mr. James, ditto.

S.

Strafford, Right Hon. Lord, Wentworth-Caſtle.
Sturton, Right Hon. Lord, Stappleton.
Sturton, Right Hon. Lady, ditto.

Scarborough, Right Hon. Lord, Sandbeck.
Smith, Sir John Silveſter, Bart. Newland-Park.
Sainſbury, Tho. Right Hon. Lord Mayor of London, 10
Stappleton, Lady, London.
Sinclair, Sir John, Bart. Edinburgh.
Smyth, John, Eſq; M. P. Heath.
Smyth, Hon. Lady Georgiana, ditto.
Smyth, Mrs. ditto.
Southeren, William, Eſq; Darrington.
Southeren, William, Eſq; M. P. ditto.
Savile, the Hon. Henry, Eſq; Methley.
Savile, the Hon. Charles, Eſq; ditto.
Shore, Samuel, Eſq;
Shore, John, Eſq; Sheffield.
Slater, Adam, Eſq; Cheſterfield.
Slater, Gill, Eſq; Liverpool.
Seaton, Mr. Banker, Pontefract.
Smith, Mr. Ollerton, 2
Statham, Mr. P. M. Liverpool,
Stocks, John, Eſq; Kingſley.
Soreby, Mr. John, Sheffield.
Spence, ——, M. D. York.
Smith, Mr. William, Norwich.
Smith, Mr. William, Wakefield.
Smith, Mr. J. F. ditto.
Smith, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Scholfield, Mr. Attorney at Law, Howden.
Seaton, Mr. William, Redneſs.
Staniforth, Mr. J. Sheffield.
Staniforth, Mr. ditto.
Staniforth, Mr. Charles, Liverpool.
Sykes, Mr. Edward, Dewſbury.
Sykes, Mr. F. ditto.
Sykes, Mr. E. ditto.

Smith, Mr. Joſeph, ditto.
Smith, Captain, Liverpool.
Steer, Mr. William, Wakefield.
Steer, Mr. James, ditto.
Spence, Nathan. M. D. Edinburgh.
Smith, Wyvil, M. D. ditto.
Smith, James, Eſq; Bankſide, ditto.
Stewart, Charles, Eſq; Writer to the Signet, ditto.
Steel, ——, Eſq; ditto, ditto.
Saunderſon, ——, Junior, ditto, ditto.
Stephens, Dr. St. Kitt's.
Smith, Rev. Mr. Muſſelburgh.
Scott, Mrs. Alice, Leeds.
Stovin, Richard, Eſq; Louth.
Stovin, James, Eſq; Bercas-Hill, Holderneſs, 2
Stovin, Mr. Leeds.
Swallow, Richard, Eſq; Attercliffe.
Swanſon, Mr. Attorney at Law, Halifax.
Shaftſbury-Lodge, No. 484, Dorſetſhire.
Stanning, Mr. Robert, ditto.
Sugden, Mr. Pontefract.
Stephenſon, Rev. Mr. John, Boſton, Northamptonſhire.
Scott, Mr. John, ditto.
Scott, John, Eſq; No. 381, Strand, London.
Stokes, Mrs. Kidderminſter.
Shepley, Mr. Almondbury.
Smalpage, Mr. John, Attorney at Law, Wakefield.
Smalpage, Mr. Daniel, ditto.
Southeren, Mr. ditto.
Skurray, Mr. ditto.
Scott, Mrs. ditto.
Scholfield, Mrs. New-Mill-Dam.
Scorey, Mr. Sandall.
Shewabell, Mr. Attorney at Law, Penniſton.

Shaw,

Shaw, Mr. John, Staincroſs.
Stavely, Mr. William, Apollo-Lodge, York,
Smith, Rev. Mr. Scotter, Gainſborough.
Smithſon, Mr. Falcon, York.
Smith, Mr. Robert, Pontefract.
Smith, Mr. John, Norwich.
Small, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Shaw, Rev. Mr. G. Rector of Seaton, Rutlandſhire.
Serle, Mrs. London.
Stephenſon, Mr. Richard, Newcaſtle.
Storer, Mr. Robert, ditto.
Smith, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Shepherd, Rev. Mr. John, A. M. Trin. Col. Cambridge.
Skerring, Mr. Benjamin, Louth.
Scott, Mr. John, Hatton-Garden, London.
Stables, Mr. Himſworth.
Smithſon, Mr. Low-Leaths.
Sykes, Mr. Thornhill.
Shaw, Charles, Eſq; Lincoln's-Inn, London.
Shelford, Rev. Mr L. B.D. Fellow of C.C.C. Cambridge.
Society, Literary, Thetford, Norfolk.
Stephenſon, Rev. Mr. Joſhua, A. M. Rector of Barton Seagrave, Northamptonſhire.
Sunderland, Miſs, Pontefract.
Staniforth, Mr. John, Sheffield.
Smith, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Shaw, Mr. John, Cheſter.
Soams, Mr. Thomas, Plymouth.
Scarfe, Mr. Thomas, Hull.
Scott, Mr. John, Boſton.
Southgate, Mr. Richard, Norwich.
Sugden, Mr. Attorney at Law, Pontefract.
Smith, Mr. Daniel, Leeds.
Smith, Mr. Abraham, London.

Stephens,

Stephens, Mr. John, ditto.
Slater, Mr. Richard, ditto.
Steer, Mr. Thomas, Newcaſtle.
Sugden, Mr. John, Birmingham.
Smythe, Mr. Roger, ditto.

T.

Tottenham, General, Wakefield.
Tottenham, Mrs. ditto.
Tottenham, Major, ditto.
Tottenham, Nicolas Lofthouſe, Eſq; M. P. Lofthouſe-Hall, Wexford, Ireland.
Tottenham, Mrs. Frances, ditto.
Tottenham, Charles, Eſq; M. P. New Roſs, ditto.
Tottenham, Charles, Eſq; M. P. Ballycurry, ditto.
Tottenham, Ponſonby, Eſq; M. P. New Roſs, ditto.
Todd, Anthony, Eſq; General Poſt Office, London.
Thornton, Colonel, Heath.
Thornton, Colonel, Thornville.
Turton, Thomas, Eſq; Meanwood-Hall, near Leeds, 2
Tooker, Samuel, Eſq; near Rotherham.
Teas, Thomas, Eſq; Apollo-Lodge, York.
Thorp, Thomas, Eſq; Glawber-Hall.
Taylor, John, Eſq; Purlwell-Hall.
Taylor, Rev. Dr. Iſleworth.
Torr, Dr. Pontefract.
Taylor, Rev. Mr. Horbury.
Taylor, Rev. Mr. Rothwell.
Todd, Capt. Wakefield.
Todd, Capt. Prince of Wales's Dragoons, Muſsleburgh, Scotland.
Tennant, Mr. Richard, Junior, Wakefield.
Trueman, Mr. Pontefract.
Thompſon, Rev. Mr. Apollo-Lodge, York, 2

Thackaray,

Thackaray, Mr. ditto, 2
Tellyman, Mr. Stationer, ditto.
Tolsfield, Mr. Sheffield.
Tomlinſon, Mr. Pontefract.
Thompſon, Rev. Mr. John, Knottingley.
Townſend, Mr. Pontefract.
Thompſon, Mr. J. Sheffield.
Twigge, Rev. Mr. Oldwark, near Rotherham.
Thomas, Mr. Joſeph, Oſſett.
Topham, Mr. Regiſter, Wakefield.
Turner, Mr. James, Liverpool.
Tyers, Mr. Joſeph, Derby.
Tucker, Mr. John, Senior, Exeter.
Tucker, Mr. John, Junior, ditto.
Tucker, Miſs, ditto.
Thackray, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Thomlinſon, Mr. Charles, Birmingham.
Thornton, Mr. Thomas, Liverpool.
Tyſon, Mr. John, Lancaſter.
Thorold, Mr. John, Portſmouth.
Taſker, Mr. James, ditto.

V.

Vaughan, Mrs. London.
Vincent, Rev. Mr. Leeds.
Urquart, Capt. Edinburgh.
Vevers, Mr. Scholes-Park, near Leeds.
Union-Lodge, No. 189, Nottingham.
Vanderkiſte, Mr. Joſeph, Stockwell, Surry.
Vanderſluys, Mr. John, Boconnar, Cornwall.
Vavaſour, Mr. Walter, Sheffield.
Vaughan, Owen, Eſq; Swanſea.
Venables, Mr. James, Plymouth.

Wemyſs,

W.

Wemyſs, Right Hon. Earl, Edinburgh, 2
Wentworth, Peregrine, Eſq; Toulſton-Lodge.
Waller, Robert, Eſq; M. P. Hall-Place, Middleſex.
Ward, St. Andrew, Eſq; Hooton-Pannel.
Wilſon, Daniel, Eſq; Dallam-Tower.
Wilſon, Mrs. ditto.
Wilſon, Joſhua, Eſq; Recorder of Pontefract.
Wilſon, Mrs. D. ditto.
Wilſon, Miſs, Newcaſtle.
Wilſon, Rev. Mr. Crofton.
Wilſon, Mrs. ditto.
Wilſon, Dr. Howden.
Wilſon, Mr. Chriſtopher, Apollo-Lodge, York.
Wilſon, Mr. William, Sheffield.
Wilſon, Mr. John, Norwich.
Wilſon, Miſs Fanny, Plymouth.
Wentworth, Thomas, Eſq; Minerva-Houſe.
Withers, ——, Eſq; Counſellor, York.
Withers, Dr. ditto.
Wordſworth, George, Eſq; Whitehaven.
Walker, William, Eſq; Crowneſt.
Wood, Rev. Dr. Halifax.
Warnley, Chriſtopher, Eſq; near Hull.
Wemyſs, William, Eſq; in Fife, Scotland.
White, William, Eſq; Grand Secretary of Maſons, London.
Wallace, William, Eſq; Liverpool.
Webſter, Charles, M. D. Edinburgh.
Waller, Captain, 3d Regiment Dragoons, Hull.
Wimberly, Robert, Eſq; London.
Walker, Mr. William, Surgeon, Hull.
Walker, Mr. William, Surgeon, Wakefield.
Walker, Miſs, ditto.
Walker, Miſs S. ditto.

Walker, Miſs E. ditto.
Walker, Miſs, ditto.
Walker, Mrs. ditto.
Walker, Mrs. Hertfordſhire.
Wright, Mr. E. Heath.
Wright, Mr. Griffith, Harehills-Houſe.
Wright, Mr. Thomas, Printer, Leeds.
Waugh, Captain, Wakefield.
Wragg, Mr. Crigglefton.
Worthington, Mr. Surgeon, Hoddeſton, Hertfordſhire,
Watſon, Mr. John, Attorney at Law, Apollo Lodge, York, 2
Webſter, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Wright, Mr. Attorney at Law, ditto.
Wilde, Mr. John, Sheffield.
Willon, Rev. Mr. York.
Wareing, Mr. Robert, Leeds.
Warburton, Mr. Robert, ditto.
Wiſe, Mr. Thomas, Wentbridge.
Woodhead, Mr. Gainſborough.
Wetherhead, Mr. T. Wetherby.
Wheelhouſe, Mr. John, Leeds.
Wainwright, Mr. P. M. Ferrybridge.
Winter, Mr. Sheffield.
Waller, Mr. ditto.
Webſter, Rev. Mr. J. Holmsfield, near ditto.
Wilbore, Mr. Apollo-Lodge, York.
Waterhouſe, Samuel, Eſq; Halifax.
Waterhouſe, ——, Eſq; ditto.
Williamſon, Mr. Dewſbury.
Wilcock, Mr W. Lodge No. 281, Iſle of Scilly, Cornwall.
Withers, Mr. Thomas, Falmouth-Lodge, No. 95, ditto.
Wright, Mr. Alexander, Edinburgh.
Whyte, Mr. B. ditto.

Wilcock,

Wilcock, Mr. Attorney at Law, Halifax.
Watſon, Mr. Keighley.
Wakefield, Rev. Mr. Thomas, Iſleworth.
Wakefield, Mrs. ditto.
Woodcock, Mr. ditto.
Williams, Mr. John, Denbigh-Lodge, No. 505.
Williams, Rev. Mr. ditto.
Williams, Mr. John, Crown, ditto.
Wood, Miſs Fanny, Burton, near Barnſley.
White, Mr. Lodge, No. 252, Mancheſter.
White, Mr. John, Norwich.
Watſon, Mr. Shepley, Wakefield.
Walker, Rev. Mr. Rob. A.M. Vicar of St. Winnow's, Cornwall.
Wellbret, Mrs. Dublin.
Winter, Mr. Thomas, Berwick.
Wright, Mr. George, Sterling.
Ward, Mr. S. B. Sheffield.
Webb, Mr. D. H. ditto.
Wilſon, Mr. William, ditto.
Wilſon, Mr. John, Norwich.
White, Mr. John, ditto.
Wood, Rev. Mr.
Wiſe, Mr. John, Newcaſtle.
Waterhouſe, John, Eſq; Halifax.
Watſon, Mr. Richard, Birmingham.
Wood, Mr. Thomas, ditto.
Whaley, Mr. James, ditto.
Wiggans, Mr. James, Liverpool.
White, Mr. Charles, ditto.
Walford, Richard, Eſq; London.
Wilkinſon, Mr. ditto.
Waley, Mr. James, ditto.

Watſon,

Watſon, Mr. Thomas, London.
Wilkinſon, Tate, Eſq; Theatre-Royal, York.

Y.

York's, Duke of, Lodge, Doncaſter.
Young, Mr. George, Halifax.

Z.

Zouch, Rev. Mr. Sandall.

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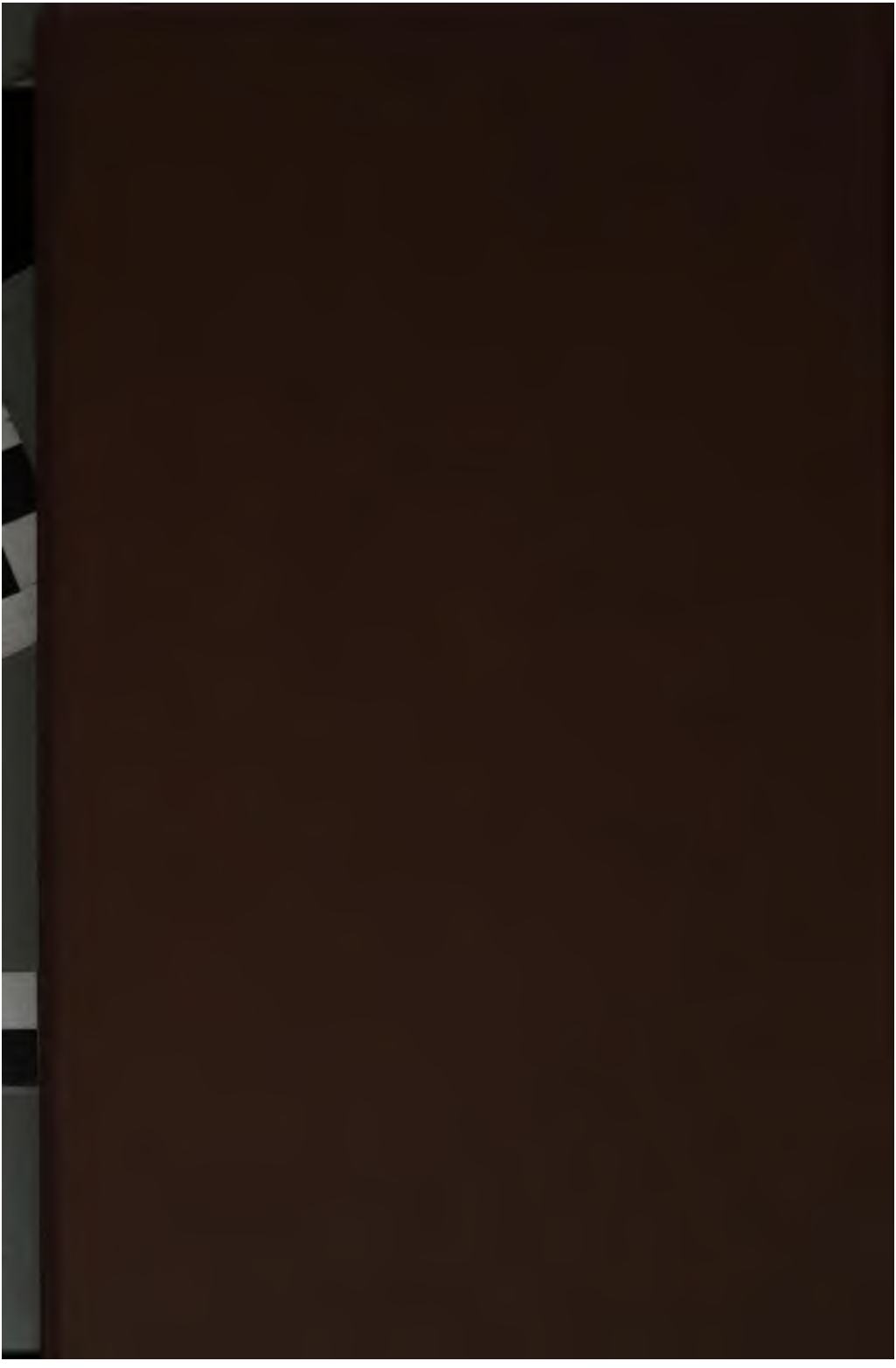
Bagnall, Mr. Halifax.
Binns, Mr. Bookſeller, Leeds.
Clarkſon, Mr. Attorney at Law, Pontefract.
Codd, Miſs, Ferrybridge.

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